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# QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

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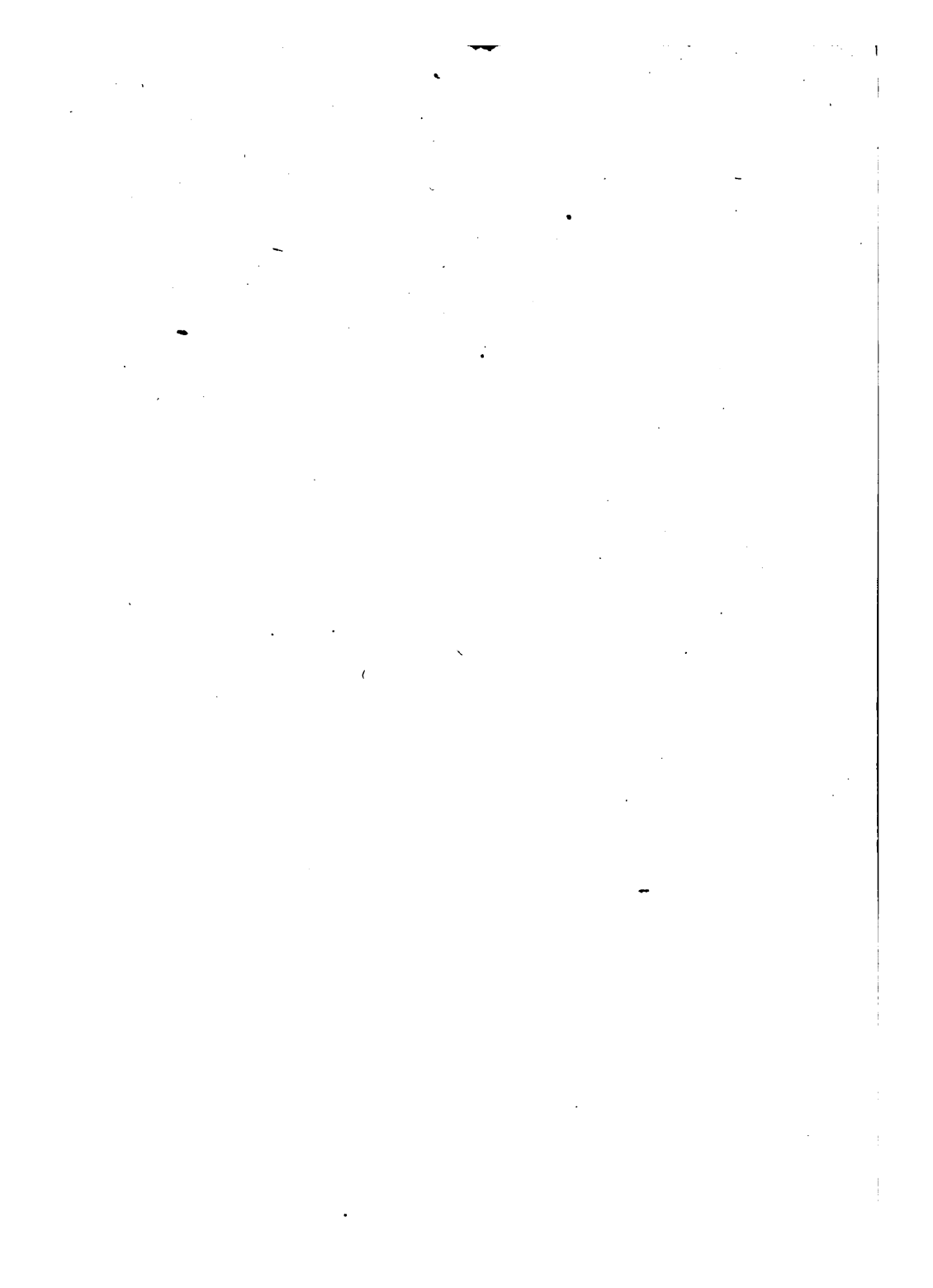
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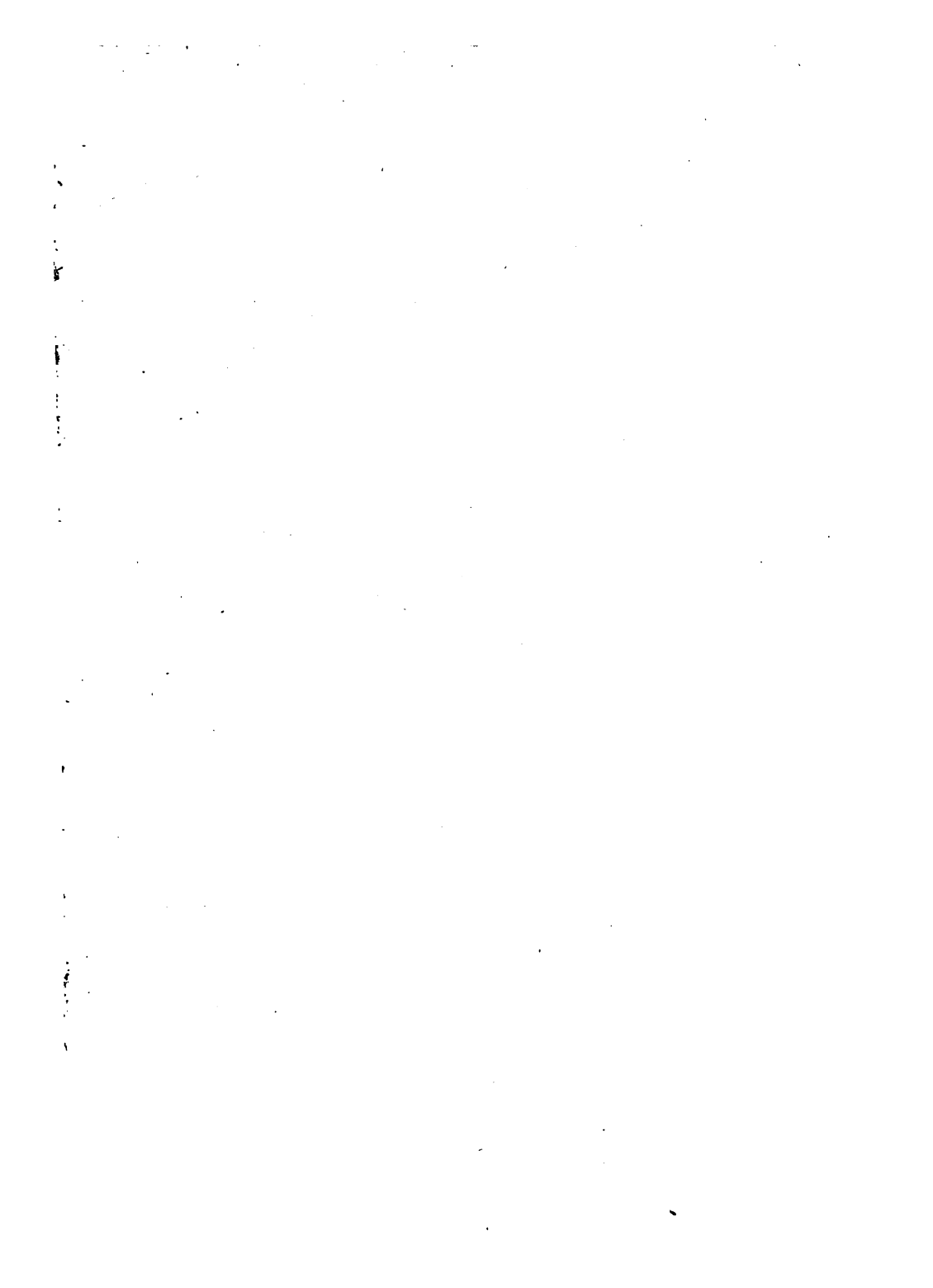
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# BODYKE

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF IRISH LANDLORDISM

BY

HENRY NORMAN

REPRINTED, WITH SEVERAL ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS, FROM THE "PALL MALL  
GAZETTE," AND ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES FROM INSTANTANEOUS  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"Cultivate the extension of knowledge upon the Irish Question"

—MR. GLADSTONE, at Swansea, June 4, 1887

"It is the interest of the Irish landlord to get rid of his tenant"

—LORD SALISBURY, in the House of Lords, July 1, 1887

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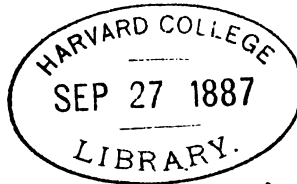
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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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EIGHT of the following twelve chapters were telegraphed, on the evenings of the events they describe, to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and according to an arrangement made by the Editor of that journal, whom I have to thank for permission to reprint them, simultaneously to the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the *Newcastle Leader*, the *Bradford Observer*, the *Plymouth Western Daily Mercury*, the *Edinburgh Scottish Leader*, the *Glasgow Mail*, and the *Dundee Advertiser*.

I have no doubt they contain some slight inaccuracies of figures, of proper names, and perhaps in the sequence of events. This was unavoidable, where the facts could only be gathered from conversation with more or less illiterate persons. Neither have I any doubt, however, that in all essentials the following is an accurate account, and I will undertake to prove by the sworn testimony of several witnesses the literal truth of everything I have described as an eye-witness. While these pages were in the press, Mr. Balfour has, in effect, stated in the House of Commons that the parts of them which have already appeared were "a mass of pure fabrications." If he would do me the favour to repeat this assertion in some place where Parliamentary privilege does not render him irresponsible, I should be able to submit to a court of law the question which of us is speaking the truth.

H. N.



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# BODYKE.



## CHAPTER I.

### BODYKE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BODYKE is a pleasant little village of a score or two houses and half a dozen shops, all in one wide street a couple of hundred yards long, and it lies upon the slope of a picturesque green valley, in which half the land is very good and half is very bad—mere swamp and mountain, in fact. It figures neither upon the map nor in the Irish Bradshaw, but Limerick was clearly the place to aim at from Dublin ; and when I reached there I found that a drive of twenty miles would bring me to it. I soon discovered, however, that in Ireland it is one thing to decide to drive and another to do so. Outside Limerick station stood a row of cars, so I selected the fittest-looking horse, and then went back for lunch. In less than five minutes, however, the owner of the car arrived, and with considerable embarrassment proceeded to administer a series of questions to me concerning my business in Bodyke. As I purposely avoided giving him any information he was finally compelled to come to the point, and blurted out, "It's this way, sir ; I'm a business man, and I keep pack-hounds, and I hunt over everybody's land, and I run all the mail cars, and I can't afford to do anything that would make people refuse to lend a hand if one of my cars should break down, or stop my hunting, so if you're going to Bodyke on account of the evictions, or if you're anything to do with the Sheriff, you shan't have a car of mine, and that's the truth!" I pacified this excellent person, who was not inappropriately



named Cooney, by the assurance that I was as sincere a Home Ruler as he was, and then nothing would satisfy him but that I must go and see his hounds and his wonderful leaping horse "Get-away." A similar incident occurred on the journey half way to Bodyke. My jarvey pulled up at a little shop, before which sat two women, one of them having an empty bucket by her side. This he borrowed to water the horse, and while he was away I inquired the distance to Bodyke. "To Bodyke, is it?" was the instant reply; "then if I'd known that was where you're going, devil a hand should he have laid on my bucket!"

After leaving Limerick the road runs for several miles through country lanes as charming as those of Devonshire, over which delightfully green beeches make a continuous archway, only interrupted now and then by the lodge gate of an old-fashioned mansion. Suddenly the wood on either side ceases and a great stretch of rolling country comes in sight, with hardly a tree upon it but all ablaze from roadside to horizon with "the blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay." There are literally miles of the blazing yellow bloom, that dazzling evidence of poor and wasted land. By and by this gets thinner, the hills get bigger, scattered clumps of stunted and starved firs spring up, the stones on the fields get thicker and thicker, until at last there must be tons of them to the acre, and the bones of the few goats and donkeys, which are almost the only living things to be seen, seem to stick out through their skins. This lasts for weary mile after mile—in fact, until one reaches the greenest of the valleys hereabouts, along the further slope of which we rattle into Bodyke.

Bodyke, however, though like every village throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, it is blessed with a police barracks, has neither a priest nor a spare bed for a stranger, and therefore I pushed on to the neighbouring village of Tomgraney, where for three weeks I remained in the enjoyment of Father Murphy's generous hospitality. The little place is a monument of landlordism. One by one its houses have fallen vacant and have never been re-let. There are only two or three little shops in it, and almost the only decent house is the old manse hidden in trees, where Father Murphy lives. In the centre of what one must call the principal street, a huge rock fifty yards wide rises abruptly

from the ground, and on the summit of it is perched a great oak tree, under which what we soon dubbed the Tomgraney Parliament assembles every night. Two miles further on is the more flourishing little town of Scariff, where the combined telegraph office and dry-goods store is kept by Mr. Hickie and his excellent family, whose untiring hospitality and infinite good nature we put to the severest trial by keeping them up night after night till the small hours of the morning, with our long press messages.

Even in this out-of-the-way place, however, where the *Freeman's Journal* is always twenty-four hours old and the London papers arrive yellow with age, life is not without its joys, although they are naturally of a chastened character. To begin with, the priests, like their predecessors of old, are a "jovial race." There is dear old Father Murphy, the personification of all human kindness, and so bigoted in his large heart that he insisted upon nursing with his own hands a Protestant clergyman and his wife who lived near him, when they were both dying, and afterwards himself buried the former when his friends neglected him. Every night a score of people gathered round his table, and when by and by they could shake off the depression in which the cruel sights and sounds of the day had plunged them, many were the merry jests and songs that went round. Then there is Father Hannon, whom a Greek sculptor would have been thankful to get for a model, and whose name will figure frequently in these pages; and Father Mat Kenny, whose pathetic nightly rendering of "The Irish Brigade" can never be forgotten by anybody who heard it; and his curate, Father Glynn, whose brogue was the richest, whose courage was the coolest, whose humour was the driest, whose schemes were the most audacious in Clare, and whose appearance in his tall hat and priestly garb upon the back of his dark brown thoroughbred was—when he was not thrown—most impressive. Then the influx of visitors, too, made things lively. There was Mr. Waddy, M.P., with his coat-tail pockets stuffed with the rent receipts of half the tenants on the estate; "Daniel O'Connell" Cox, the jovial and popular member for the district; the courtly Pierce Mahoney, M.P.; the kindly and cool-headed Sheehy, M.P.;

the revolutionary Kenny, and, last only for the sake of climax Michael Davitt, "tinderest teacher, and powerfulest preacher, and kindest creature" of them all. The devotion of the people to him is almost indescribable, and no wonder, for whether defying a policeman or denouncing a landlord, or "cracking" with some old woman in Irish, or delighting the children, or playing with the dogs, he was always the same—just Michael Davitt—and there is no other word to describe him. Once I came across him on his knees in the dirty road, having bribed a bright little fellow of seven by an offer of sixpence to repeat after him the negro lecturer's scientific explanation of the *aurora borealis*, and again, when on one of the few holidays which the crowbar brigade allowed us, four curates. Mr. Davitt, and myself had gone off on Lough Derg to the Island of the Seven Churches, I missed him, and, coming upon an old ruined graveyard, I was startled by the spectacle of a pair of boots waving in the air, and found that they belonged to him. Having become a boy again for the day, he was standing on his head on the tomb of a landlord.

All this, however, was but the rarer aspect of a sad and terrible time, and it is to that I must turn.

## CHAPTER II.

### LANDLORD AND TENANT: A SHORT HISTORY OF THE O'CALLAGHAN ESTATE.

I WILL now state the simple facts of the relations of Colonel O'Callaghan and his tenants, without a touch of that "imagination" which Mr. Balfour so much deprecates. If they are contested at any point by anybody entitled to hold an opinion I will meet the contestant and do everything in my power to dispel the last doubt. Unless the following statements are disproved, however, it will be seen that the bottom is knocked out of the stories of Colonel O'Callaghan and his agents.

Colonel O'Callaghan succeeded to his father's Bodyke and Tulla estates about the year 1850, and from the very beginning of his management of his property he began to practise the oppression and inhumanity which have ever since characterised his dealings with those who had the misfortune to be born his tenants. One of his first acts was to set about clearing away the poorer tenants who had barely managed to pull through the terrible famine years, and old men in the neighbourhood tell terrible tales of how he seemed to glory in tearing down with his own hands and setting fire to the cabins of the poor. For the more fortunate tenants whom he suffered to remain in their homes, increases of rent came quick and fast on their own improvements without anything being done to assist them, except in a few cases where I find that Colonel O'Callaghan gave a trifle of timber for the roofing of new houses. The tenant who refused to pay the increased rent, or who failed to make it, had immediate notice to quit.

Next comes a summary of the negotiations from the beginning to the morning of the evictions, *with the correspondence*. Put in the most concise form possible, these have consisted of the following steps:—

1. In March, 1886, the Bodyke tenants came to the conclusion that it was impossible for them to pay their rents, and a deputation of them, headed by Father Hannon, called upon Colonel

O'Callaghan, to beg for a general reduction. Colonel O'Callaghan refused the request.

2. Father Murphy, as priest of the parish, wrote to Colonel O'Callaghan, repeating the request. The following was the reply :—

Maryfort, O'Callaghan's Mills, Co. Clare, 24, 3, 86.

My dear Father Murphy,—In writing to me on behalf of my tenants you seem perfectly to ignore the *fact* that all my rents *are now judicial and reduced* SO LOW as to leave me, *after paying the various large outgoings* of about £1,800 per annum, but a mere remnant or small margin to live upon. Under those circumstances I cannot interfere with my *agents* who are *bound* to collect for the various creditors *before I get* one shilling. My position and that of my cousin Captain O'Callaghan of Ballinahinch form *no simile*. He has no heavy *jointure* mortgage or such formidable charges to meet on his estates.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

JOHN O'CALLAGHAN.

3. Father Murphy thereupon wrote to the agents, received from them a similar reply, and then addressed to one of them the following letter :—

Tomgraney, March 30, 1886.

Dear Sir.—I read your letter of the 24th inst. on last Sunday to as many of Colonel O'Callaghan's tenants as I could bring together. Their opinion, so far as I could learn, was that you had not a clear conception of the state of things on the estate when writing it. They said your proposal to consider non-judicial rents was useless, as there are only a few of these, and those under leases. They did not wish to deceive you by promising to pay impossible rents, hence they did not reply to your letters demanding them. Their judicial rents they emphatically assert are rack-rents, impossible to pay now, as it is clear their miserable holdings cannot make them. They contend that the enclosed list, taken at random from a few of those present, proves that they were and are rack-rented, plundered, and robbed to an inconceivable degree. . . . The judicial rents were fixed at an unusually high figure even for the time they were imposed, because the former rents had been excessively high and because the estate was largely mortgaged. Were they reserved until now they would be fixed 30 per cent. at least lower, all things considered. The tenants, while spurning the imputation of unfairness and dishonesty, decline to retort on those who think so unjustly of them. And, finally, they say they are not accountable for the debts incurred by

their landlord, as they were never consulted about them and never undertook to pay them. Feeling, as I do, a deep interest for the peace of the district, and wishing to maintain mutual goodwill among the people of every class, I again appeal to you and Colonel O'Callaghan to reconsider your position, and to treat the tenants in a kind and considerate spirit. It is not yet too late to do so. Harsh measures will make matters worse; no one knows what evil results may follow from them. Let judicious rents, fair and proportionate to the depression of the times, be fixed for the present, and they will strain every point to pay them. "Who runs may read." I make no comment on the enclosed list.—Yours truly,

E. H. P. Hosford, Esq.

P. MURPHY, P.P.

The reply to this was, in substance, and I believe in actual words, "Come what may, we will make no concessions."

4. The tenants thereupon approached Colonel O'Callaghan with a request for arbitration. They offered, first, that he should choose one arbitrator and they another; or, second, *that the whole question of rents should be left to the single and final decision of Colonel O'Callaghan's own cousin*, Captain C. G. O'Callaghan, a neighbouring landlord. To this remarkably trustful and straightforward offer, no answer at all was vouchsafed.

5. Next came a shower of writs "as thick as snowflakes" upon the tenants, and in many cases processes of ejectment and writs at the same time, in order to terrify the tenants by double costs.

6. All hope from the landlord being thus destroyed, Father Murphy appealed to Cæsar, in the form of the authorities at the Castle, not to support Colonel O'Callaghan with an armed force. The high-placed official to whom Father Murphy wrote I will call General X., for although it is now an open secret who this was, Father Murphy, a man of extremely sensitive personal honour, requests me not to mention the names of men with whom his relations were confidential. General X. came to Bodyke, had several interviews with Colonel O'Callaghan, and afterwards Colonel Y., an equally high-placed official, also came and brought great pressure to bear upon the landlord. All, however, was in vain. If this is authoritatively denied I am prepared to publish both names and full details, and General X.,

with great chivalry, has even promised Father Murphy that if necessary he would go into the witness-box and narrate all the negotiations upon oath.

7. Father Murphy next had two interviews with Mr. Hosford in the latter's office, and stated to him the terms upon which a settlement might yet be effected. These were that no legal costs be charged against the tenants, and that all included in the "combination" should share the advantages of the settlement. Father Murphy first offered £800 and to forego the tenants' share of poor-rate reductions for a clear receipt for all tenants specified up to March 25, 1887—that is, for two years' arrears. This was refused. Then a second proposal was made by Colonel Y. on Father Murphy's behalf, renewing the same offer for a year and a half's arrears up to September 29, 1886.

The following important letter was received in reply :—

76, George street, Limerick, May 14, 1887.  
Private.] Colonel O'Callaghan's Evictions.

Rev. and dear Sir,—Referring to your favour on the above subject we have carefully considered all the circumstances connected with the above matter and the only terms we could consent to accept are as follows. The tenants to pay us £907 8s. in cash and to forego their claim to their poor-rate deductions up to and for the year 1886 six, for which we will give them a clear receipt up to and for 29th September, '86. Of course we could not accept these terms if additional costs are incurred by the sheriff, &c.—Yours truly,

DELMEGE & HOSFORD.

Rev. Peter Murphy, P.P.,  
The Manse, Tomgraney, Co. Clare.

The reader will note especially that "the tenants" here means all the tenants in the "combination." Mr. Hosford has Father Murphy's letters specifying and reiterating this, and he has been challenged again and again to produce them. Not one has he dared to print. I am also authorised here to challenge Messrs. Delmege & Hosford to produce the letters of General X. and Colonel Y. upon this point, which would confirm the above statement. This, too, Colonel Y. is prepared to swear, if necessary.

8. Father Murphy replied to the above letter begging that the £107 8s. might be struck off, as a "good Englishman" had

offered him £300 to enable the tenants to postpone eviction. The following reply was received :—

76, George-street, Limerick, May 18, 1887.

Private.]

Colonel O'Callaghan's Estate.

My dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date relative to the proposed evictions on the above estate, informing us that the tenants are not prepared to improve on their former offer of settlement, which we have already declined to accept. We enclose you herewith a list giving the name of each tenant in the hands of the sheriff, the yearly judicial rent payable by each, and the allowance we are prepared to make in each case. If they give us one year's rent now, with the solicitor's costs, less the allowance we offer, also their claim as usual for poor-rate deduction, we will accept same. We will undertake to give them plenty of time for next payment.—Yours faithfully,

DELMEGE & HOSFORD.

The list referred to in this letter consisted of the names of forty-seven tenants, with the amount of a year's rent of each, the total yearly rental being £708 15s., and the amount of abatement offered off the same, the total abatement offered being £78 15s. 3d.

The reader will now notice three things—First, that after the “good Englishman's” £300 was mentioned *the nature of the offer made by the agents was suddenly changed*. Second, that the “clear receipt” which Colonel O'Callaghan has so often claimed credit for offering to his poorer tenants consisted in reality of a reduction of £78 upon £708 ! Or, in a specific instance, that of Thomas Fahy, one of the most miserably poor tenants, who was evicted on to his own dunghill, with his half-crown's worth of furniture lying about him, the noble-hearted “whole loaf and clear receipt” amounts to a reduction of £1 19s. from £19 10s. owed !! And, third, that this list conclusively proves the falsity of the charges that Fathers Murphy and Hannon fraudulently added 19 names to the original list of tenants in the “combination.” For there are in the above-mentioned list 47 names ; 19 plus 47 makes 66 ; yet the whole number of tenants (see complete list later on) is, and has been from the first, only 57 !!!

9. Father Murphy saw through this dodge in a moment, and determined, for the sake of peace and his poor people, to close



with the agents' own offer before it was too late and worse had come upon him and them. So he wrote as follows :—

Tomgraney, May 20, 1887.

Dear Sir,—I wrote yesterday refusing your last proposal, and accepting the basis of settlement proposed on the 14th inst. I now accept that offer, provided that I get one week to raise the money—*i.e.*, I will pay £907 8s., and give up our claims to poor rate deductions up to and for the year 1886. In return I'll get clear receipts for all the tenants up to 20th Sept., 1886.—Yours truly,

P. MURPHY, P.P.

That is, on May 21, Father Murphy definitely accepted the terms of settlement offered to him by Messrs. Delmege & Hosford on May 14. (See paragraph 7 above.)

10. Getting no answer, Father Murphy telegraphed to Mr. Hosford next day as follows :—"Do you accept my terms of yesterday, which are yours of 14th inst.?"

The following was the answer :—

Private.]

Hamman Hotel, Dublin, May 21, 1887

My dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter, which was sent on to me here, relative to the proposed settlement with Colonel O'Callaghan's tenants, whose cases are now in the hands of the sheriff, and I regret I cannot do anything further in the matter. I gave you my idea in my letter of Saturday last, to which I got an unfavourable reply. Before leaving home I sent you another offer, giving you the particulars in each case, which is the final one, and I am bound now to *keep strictly to it—I cannot make any change*. . . . I cannot undertake to stay the sheriff any longer; and, of course, if the tenants give me my terms they must add to my offer any expenses made by the sheriff, which up to this day is *nil*, but I can't say that this will be the case by Tuesday next.—Yours sincerely,

E. H. POE HOSFORD.

This is pure humbug, Mr. Hosford carefully avoiding mention of the fact that he had made a definite offer, and that Father Murphy had definitely accepted it.

11. We now come to a meeting at Fortanne between Messrs. Delmege & Hosford and Fathers Murphy and Hannon. At this the full and complete list of 57 tenants came up for the first and only time. "Oh," said Hosford, "I didn't mean so many." "Yes, you did," replied Father Murphy, "because I wrote you about 'all who joined the combination,' and you knew, for I had told you, who were omitted." The reply to this was an offer

clearly in view of that "good Englishman's" £300, to settle everything for an extra £250.

12. It is now the morning of the first eviction (June 2), and we have arrived at Maloney's house. Hosford still insists upon the extra £250. It is refused. The crowbar brigade is set to work, and all the world knows the rest. What all the world does not yet know, however, is that after the first eviction a sergeant of the Royal Irish came up and whispered in Father Murphy's ear that Hosford, the agent, had said quietly to Croker, the sheriff, "Exert yourself and put on a spurt. If they see we're determined, we shall get the money."

So much for the history of the negotiations.

The above facts and correspondence prove beyond dispute that Colonel O'Callaghan first refused to treat with his tenants; that he declined to submit the whole question to the sole arbitration of his own cousin; that his agent afterwards offered to accept a sum of £907 8s. in complete settlement of the arrears of the fifty-seven tenants in the Plan of Campaign up to September 29, 1887, and that when Father Murphy accepted that offer they shifted their ground and stipulated for still more money; that the assertion that Fathers Murphy and Hannon fraudulently added nineteen names to a list of tenants agreed upon is untrue; and that Colonel O'Callaghan's boastful announcement of his generosity to his poor tenants is simply absurd. This is enough to expose him, his agents, and their united methods, but "worse remains behind." I now come to the plain unvarnished facts of the rack-renting of the unfortunate Bodyke tenants.

Before giving the general figures of more modern times, I will give three examples of rack-renting at work. First, the case of Michael Hussey, of Clonmoher, who was evicted on June 3. His holding consisted of 20 acres of indifferent land, which he took in 1850 at a rent of 15s. an acre, that being the valuation put upon it by a valuer brought by Colonel O'Callaghan. A couple of years after O'Callaghan brought another valuer, who put 16s. an acre on the land. A couple of years more and he brought still another, who raised the rent to 17s. 6d. an acre. In 1862 O'Callaghan himself—(throwing valuers overboard as

proceeding too slowly)—raised it from 17s. 6d. to 25s. In '64 he raised it to 30s., in '68 to 35s., and in '70 he gave it the last touch by raising it to £2. But to save space I will put my three instances so that the process of "squeezing" can be seen at a glance :—

Michael Hussey.

1850	.....	£15	0	0
1852	.....	16	0	0
1854	.....	17	10	0
1862	.....	25	0	0
1864	.....	30	0	0
1868	.....	35	0	0
1870	.....	40	0	0

James Tuohy.

1850	.....	£20	0	0
1852	.....	25	18	0
1854	.....	32	10	0
1855	.....	40	0	0
1858	.....	46	0	0
1864	.....	49	0	0
1870	.....	56	5	6

Patrick Nugent and John Hussey.

1852	.....	£7	7	0
1855	.....	16	0	0
1857	.....	20	0	0
1869	.....	21	0	0

These three cases are by no means the worst. Martin Moloney's rent, for instance, was raised at one bound from £31 10s. to £81. Bridget Nugent's rent was raised at a stroke from £30 to £83, because she built upon her holding a house and otherwise improved it at a cost of £200, the amount of her dowry—she was sold out on June 3. The shameful list might be greatly prolonged if space permitted, or if a single decent voice had been raised in defence of Colonel O'Callaghan.

The following table now exhibits for the first time the complete statistics of a "campaigned" estate. First is a list of the fifty-seven tenants (those subsequently evicted being printed in *italics*), then the figures of the official poor-law valuation of their holdings made in 1830-40—known as "Griffith's valuation"; their judicial rents as fixed by the Land Courts in 1882; and finally, their rack-rents—the rents they actually paid during many years previous to that date.

Tenants.	Griffith's Valuation.	Judicial Rent.	Rack Rent.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1 Patrick Wall (3)	4 1 0	7 0 0	10 0 0
2 Patrick Keefe (6)	13 3 0	19 10 0	30 0 0
3 Ellen Wall (3)	17 17 0	14 5 0	24 0 0
4 Patrick Morony (3)	9 2 0	10 0 0	20 0 0
5 Patrick Tuohy (3)	5 6 0	6 5 0	12 0 0
6 Michael Callaghan (7)	13 10 0	13 0 0	20 0 0
7 Michael Hill (6)	11 7 0	13 10 0	22 0 0
8 John Lyddy (6)	19 16 0	28 0 0	48 10 0
9 James Lyddy (11)	15 0 0	23 0 0	31 3 0
10 Martin McNamara (11)	8 10 0	10 0 0	14 17 0
11 Michael Hussey (8)	18 0 0	24 0 0	40 0 0
12 Margaret McNamara (6)	16 15 0	22 0 0	36 0 0
13 Henry Murphy (8)	16 5 0	21 0 0	30 5 0
14 John Halloran (9)	16 15 0	23 0 0	32 0 0
15 Patrick McNamara	12 15 0	15 0 0	22 0 0
16 John Balton (6)	12 15 0	21 0 0	31 0 0
17 Patrick Lyddy (11)	7 10 0	12 0 0	17 0 0
18 Patrick McNamara (11)	13 15 0	22 10 0	36 0 0
19 Kate Flemming	8 10 0	10 0 0	15 0 0
20 Patrick McNamara (6)	8 10 0	10 15 0	19 0 0
21 Michael McNamara (8)	8 10 0	9 0 0	13 0 0
22 John Cooney (5)	10 16 0	12 10 0	16 0 0
23 Thos. Fahy (3)	9 15 0	10 10 0	16 0 0
24 John Lyddy	4 5 0	8 0 0	15 0 0
25 Michael Moloney (6)	2 15 0	4 14 0	9 0 0
26 Michael Moloney	8 0 0	10 0 0	14 0 0
27 Patrick Nugent (7)			
28 John Hussey (11)	14 0 0	16 0 0	21 0 0
29 Darby Walsh (8)	8 10 0	11 0 0	18 0 0
30 Mat. Tuohy (3)	5 10 0	5 10 0	12 0 0
31 Thady Collins	14 10 0	16 0 0	28 12 3
32 John Garvey	7 10 0	8 0 0	12 0 0
33 Bridget Nugent	39 0 0	46 10 0	83 0 0
34 Daniel Tuohy	33 15 0	44 0 0	66 11 3
35 Daniel Callaghan	34 0 0	49 0 0	72 0 0
36 Martin Moloney	47 0 0	57 0 0	82 0 0
37 Henry Hamilton	9 5 0	12 10 0	19 0 0
38 Michael Wileey	10 5 0	14 0 0	18 10 0
39 Michael Halloran	19 0 0	21 0 0	32 13 0
40 Mrs. Kennedy	16 15 0	23 10 0	33 0 0
41 James Tuohy	29 0 0	36 10 0	56 5 6
42 Denis Moloney	6 10 0	8 0 0	14 0 0
43 Patrick Fahy	13 15 0	19 10 0	27 0 0
44 Patrick Malone	7 10 0	8 10 0	13 0 0
45 John Tuohy	0 15 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
46 Mrs. Noonan	18 0 0	26 10 0	38 0 0
47 John Burke	12 6 0	15 15 0	22 10 0
48 Mrs. Tobin	5 6 0	6 0 0	12 0 0
49 Philip Hogan	6 5 0	6 5 0	10 0 0
50 Mrs. Cooney	34 0 0	48 6 0	77 6 10
51 Laurence Callaghan	38 10 0	48 0 0	69 0 0
52 John Cudmore	14 5 0	25 0 0	30 0 0
53 Michael Tuohy	1 0 0	2 0 0	2 0 0
54 Michael Doherty	6 0 0	7 10 0	13 0 0
55 Judith Balton	5 0 0	7 0 0	12 10 0
56 Bridget Balton	7 10 0	11 0 0	16 10 0
57 Michael Pepper	7 0 0	10 0 0	16 0 0
TOTALS.....	£758 15 0	993 5 0	1524 13 10

The tenants already evicted are printed in italics. The figures after the names show the number in each evicted family. Total: 175.

The Land Commissioners dealt very lightly with Colonel O'Callaghan, reducing his rents considerably less in proportion than those of neighbouring estates—first, because the rack-rents themselves were so much higher that the reductions already appeared enormous ; and, second, as one of them (name supplied if desired) confessed to Father Murphy, because if they had reduced them any more the estate would not have paid the first charges with which Colonel O'Callaghan had burdened it. And yet the Commissioners reduced the rents of fifty-seven tenants from £1,524 to £993, or nearly 30 per cent. But the above list is more eloquent than any description of it could be.

One fiction only remains to be nailed to the counter. Colonel O'Callaghan has repeatedly affirmed, first to me in my interview with him at Maryfort and again in his letters to *The Times*, that the total arrears due by the tenants in the Plan of Campaign was £2,100, and that as he was offered £907 (his agent's offer, by the way), the reduction demanded was 50 per cent. Many of the tenants, however, owe only a year and a half year's rent, and even if they all owed for two years their total arrears would still only be £1,986, and are in fact much less than this. Of course, he has admitted that many of them are unable to pay a single penny under any circumstances.

The foregoing narrative and figures may be somewhat tedious to follow, but they are worth a little trouble as they show the Irish question in a nutshell, and it has never been possible before to present the complete economic history of an Irish estate.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AN INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL O'CALLAGHAN.

UP to Wednesday evening, June 1, all was stationary at Bodyke. The peasants were still posted upon the hill-tops ; the constables were still patrolling the roads in the neighbourhood ; the Welsh Fusiliers were still kicking their heels in the fine old park ; Father Murphy was still waiting in complete uncertainty as to what was going to happen ; and, finally, Colonel O'Callaghan remained within the walls of his house, and behind the rifles of his escort, half chafing at the delay, and half anxious for fear that after all he might not get the £507 which had been offered him.

Of the last-mentioned person I can speak with some certainty, for I spent an hour and a half with him in his dining-room, going over the whole matter, in order that in England it might not be said that the story of the tenants of Bodyke had been told from one side only, and that the side of the Land League and the clergy and members of Parliament who are identified with it. The essential portions of our conversation I will repeat as accurately as I possibly can.

To begin with, Maryfort is a splendid modern residence, which might have been transplanted straight from the most aristocratic West-end square of London. A square flight of stone steps, seven yards wide, leads up to the door under its four handsome columns, and the visitor finds himself in a large and magnificently furnished hall, typical of the lavishness with which the whole mansion has been constructed and furnished. Colonel O'Callaghan himself is a soldierly-looking man of sixty, with iron grey hair and moustache, exhibiting, and to such an extent as to provoke immediate sympathy, in the deep lines of his face and his haggard and worn look, the strain which his truly

unenviable position has imposed upon him. He was accompanied by Captain O'Callaghan, his first cousin, a man of equal age but of more easy and vigorous manners and character, and both received me with courtesy, and expressed perfect willing-



AT THE CROSS-ROADS NEAR O'CALLACHAN'S HOUSE.

ness to lay their views of the quarrel before the fairness of English readers.

I might have said previously that, if it had not been for the intervention of Father Murphy, I should have found it difficult and perhaps impossible to secure a car to drive me to Maryfort, and that, although Colonel O'Callaghan was not personally and

directly boycotted, the feeling against him was about as strong as it could be. On what grounds and with what justification the readers shall presently judge.

"The pith of the matter," said the Colonel, after I had explained the object of my call, "is this. I am offered a sum of £907 in cash settlement of my claims against 57 tenants up to September 29 last. This sum is made up of £800 rent, £107 solicitors' costs, and there is in addition an agreement about £100 worth of poor rates lying dead, which practically brings up the sum offered to me to £1,000."

"But the sum," I inquired, "is £907 8s. in cash, is it not, and the subdivision of it is a matter of your own private concern only?"

"Certainly," replied the Colonel; "but I am just explaining it to you. My Bodyke tenants number 63, and the number of them who have entered into the Plan of Campaign, or the 'combination,' as Father Murphy prefers to call it, is 57, the six others having paid their rents or portions of it. So far all is agreed. The point at issue is—What number of this 57 are included in this offer of £907 8s.? I affirm that Fathers Murphy and Hannon supplemented the list by 19 tenants, rich and poor, after the offer was made for the first time."

"But Father Murphy," I interrupted him to say, "affirms positively, does he not, that his understanding with Mr. Hosford was perfectly clear, that it was not only repeated more than once in writing, but also that it was actually made in the presence of a well-known person, whom it is not necessary to name, and that Mr. Hosford has in his possession documents which abundantly prove the truth of his statement?"

Colonel O'Callaghan admitted this frankly.

So far so good. I turned at once to the general but far more publicly interesting side of the action, that of landlord *versus* tenant.

"Now, what amount of rent due," I asked, "is to be compounded for by this sum of £907?"

"My calculation is," Colonel O'Callaghan replied, with deliberation, "a total amount of £2,100. If I accept the offer, I shall thus be making a reduction of 50 per cent."



"Well, say 45 per cent.," put in Captain O'Callaghan, correcting him.

"That is, Colonel O'Callaghan, taking the average arrears of the 57 tenants, you make up a total of £2,100?"

"Yes."

"But surely you admit that a number of them are utterly unable to raise a penny in any way whatever?"

"Yes, I am quite sure of that, but of the 31 originally included in the offer, as I claim, I am convinced that 30 are abundantly able to pay in full."

"But what of the 57?"

"Well, the richer ones are paying for the poorer ones."

"But surely that is not a fair computation, including in the percentage of rebate the amounts due by tenants who are and have been utterly unable to pay a single penny, and from whom neither yourself nor anybody else has got, or can get, the rent they are rated at, their land affording them only the barest subsistence, if even that?"

Colonel O'Callaghan, I soon discovered, is in the habit of not replying to inconvenient questioning, and he did not reply to this one, offering me, instead, a glass of sherry. Then he continued with emphasis, "My rents are judicial; my agent's bill is £2,100; I am offered £1,000; that would be 50 per cent."

Argument was clearly out of the question. "You recognise at any rate," I said, "that many of the tenants cannot pay?"

"For God's sake," answered Colonel O'Callaghan vehemently, "what more can I do? I said to my agent, 'Give the poor a whole loaf and a clear receipt for all that they owe up to September last,' and my cousin here knows this."

With this statement of Colonel O'Callaghan's I deal elsewhere. "If I may put you a more pertinent question without indiscretion," I continued, "what is your answer to the following assertion:—The £907 which is offered you will be made up of three portions—first, the moneys contributed by the tenants themselves; second, a lump sum of £300, offered to Father Murphy by an English gentleman who wishes to remain anonymous, and who makes this gift simply to stave off eviction from these unfortunate people, whom he visited last winter—"

"Yes," interrupted the Colonel, "I understand he is a generous man and a philanthropist."

"And third," I continued, "of the remainder which Father Murphy and a few of the richer tenants will have to raise at the bank on their own security. These facts are indisputable, and how do you justify yourself in this acceptance as rent of money which has never been produced from the land in any way, and which in no degree whatever corresponds to your tenants' real obligations to you?"

Colonel O'Callaghan was again silent, and looked helplessly at his cousin. The latter shrugged his shoulders, and simply said, "It is quite incomprehensible to me. I cannot believe that the tenants are so embarrassed, and I have had a good deal of experience in land in Ireland."

"Then," Colonel O'Callaghan added, "you must remember that I, as a landlord, am being called upon to forgive what I have no power of forgiving. I shall not touch a penny of the £900. If I owed you £100 you could not get payment of a shilling out of it. I have to meet a head rent, a tithe rent, my mother's jointure is only just relieved, and all these constitute a big first charge."

"There is one more question I should like to put to you, Colonel. If you accept this offer, and all the 57 tenants are thereby freed up to September 29th last, what about the future? They would still owe you a half-year's rent, and by September they will owe a whole year. The destitute ones will be still destitute, unless there is a great change; the well-to-do ones will be poor; and the rich ones will be only well-to-do. What assurance have they that after they have scraped, borrowed, and accepted this money to pay to you that they will not be in a worse plight in six months' time?"

"As to the future," replied the Colonel, "nothing has been said, and I decline to discuss it. The future must be left to itself."

"Prices have fallen," added Captain O'Callaghan, "and it is now quite on the cards that they may rise. A man would be a fool to pledge himself for the future."

"Are you going to accept the offer?"

"That I cannot say."

This question and answer concluded the conversation, and I left, after assuring the Colonel that very strong pressure was being brought to bear on Father Murphy to withdraw the offer he had made, and that if a single crowbar touched one of his tenants' dwellings he would probably never get a penny of rent from anybody on his estate again. Besides this, he would be boycotted in a most relentless manner, but Captain O'Callaghan has already put the case to him from this point of view.

"Speaking as a landlord," he said to me privately, "I say to him, Evict. Speaking as a cousin, I say to him, Take the money just as soon as you can get it."

So our interview ended, and I believe it presents a typical example of the economics of landlordism in Ireland. The conversation did not, of course, follow quite such a terse line as I have given, nor did it resemble a cross-examination quite so closely, but I guarantee the substantial accuracy of it all, and the literal accuracy of every word I have put in Colonel O'Callaghan's mouth. One statement about the "whole loaf and the clear receipt" for the poor tenants remains to be dealt with. Father Murphy assures me, and I have confirmed his facts at many points, that half of the 31 tenants alluded to above can pay and will not, knowing that they will be as badly off as the rest next September, if they do. A fourth are actually starving, and would be thankful to be evicted, because their friends would do something for them, and perhaps help them to America. One of these died recently for want of a doctor's fee, and one was only saved at death's door by Father Murphy's own charity. There is a widow named Hogan (who is at this moment living in a hut erected for her by neighbours at the roadside), who was evicted two years ago by Colonel O'Callaghan from 14 acres of land, and literally flung without a halfpenny on the roadside. She is supported at this moment by her neighbours, now that the Poor Law Guardians can no longer afford her a pittance of 5s. a week, and yet Colonel O'Callaghan, through his agent, has tried to get her back to her holding at the old rent, refusing any abatement whatever! This is a "whole loaf and a clear receipt" with a vengeance. The whole history of the estate and

the columns of figures given in another chapter, constitute a sweeping refutation of Colonel O'Callaghan's description of his own generosity. "I would think no more of throwing you out than I would of shooting a bird by the roadside," were words quoted by Mr. Dillon from this tender-hearted landlord, and they are probably a good deal nearer the truth.

To conclude, the situation was this :—Colonel O'Callaghan intensely desired to secure this £907. Without the anonymous offer of £300 from an English visitor, however, he could not possibly have such a sum offered, and he not only was willing to undergo the degradation of letting a stranger pay his tenants' rents, but with almost incredible meanness, he positively spoke in approving terms of the philanthropy of the offer. Nor could the sum have been raised without borrowing from the bank under circumstances rendering payment very uncertain. Moreover, had this money been unjustly paid, the tenants would have been completely at his mercy again in six months, and then the whole quarrel would have had to be fought over again with greatly reduced resources on the tenants' part. Therefore, taking into consideration the rack rents which have been paid for years on this estate, I have no hesitation in supporting the opinions expressed by some of the most widely known of the visitors who had been studying the matter on the spot, that the settlement proposed would have been little short of a public calamity, and that those worthy clergymen who had contrived with infinite difficulty to make it possible, were acting from a mistaken kindness, and, if it had been accepted, would have done a doubtful service to their parishioners and their cause. If the settlement had been made, Bodyke would have been forgotten, and there would have been no opportunity to tell such a story of landlord and tenants as might astonish England and accelerate the coming of Home Rule.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CROWBARS AT WORK.

NOBODY at Tomgraney had thoughts or time for breakfast the next morning (Thursday, June 2), for at an early hour a mounted messenger came galloping up with news that the police had been scouting upon the hills all night, and that the redcoats were already on the march with the sheriff from Fortanne, so as soon as horses could be harnessed to the outside car we started for Bodyke, beyond which stands the cabin at which the approaching forces were plainly aiming. The sight was an extraordinary one. Black lines of people on foot and on horseback were travelling, as far as one could distinguish them, a mile off along the road. A compact black mass, which we knew to be the stalwart ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary, was moving steadily forward, and in front of them a scarlet body of the 2nd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, many of the latter being thrown out as skirmishers at each side. The red jackets of these skirmishers were dotted across the country for several hundred yards on each side of the road. Fine work they had getting across dykes and over the green banks which used to be so famous as "doubles" in the days of old when hunting was a pastime in Ireland, and ludicrous it was to see all this display of the tactics and precautions of glorious war in so inglorious a task as marching upon a perfectly peaceful people for the martial purpose of pulling about their ears the poor cabins they had built for themselves.

The chapel bell had not ceased its mournful, monotonous ding, ding, ding, since early morning, and when the bugle called in the skirmishers, and the police and soldiers debouched upon the road, showing the fourteen emergency men skulking along in the middle, their crowbars stowed away in a cart behind

them, one huge unanimous yell of hatred and fury arose from the crowd, and must have been audible a mile away. This crowbar brigade is composed of men whose presence is a disgrace to a civilised country—gaol-birds many of them, imported from the North of Ireland, cowardly ruffians of about 25 years old, with the hangdog, villainous faces one would expect to find upon men who are tempted by high pay into the



THE CROWBARS AT WORK.

very meanest and most degrading work except that of bawd on God's earth. Their ponderous crowbars had been newly sharpened for the occasion, and each of them had his revolver strapped ostentatiously round his waist. Slowly the crowd fell back before the police until the road was cleared. Then the Fusiliers were divided into two companies, and placed on either side of the cabin, and the constabulary formed up shoulder to shoulder in a ring, completely encircling it. The place was

barricaded, so that the door was left undisturbed, and the sheriff, a man known familiarly to the crowd for some reason or other as "Croker of Ballinagar," dressed in a sporting suit of tweed, with shooting helmet and leggings, stepped up. A moment's colloquy took place between him and Captain Miller, R.M., and an instant later half a dozen crowbars simultaneously went into the mud and plaster wall. At the same time a storm of execration broke from the crowd, and made every other sound inaudible. So long as the process of eviction lasted, curses at the sheriff, at the agent, the most ingenious and blood-thirsty insults to the crowbar men, cheers for the Plan of Campaign, cheers for the members, cheers for Davitt, cheers for the priests and cheers led by them, filled the air. Anybody who has never heard an Irish yell may be interested to know that it is absolutely identical in key and cadence with an Indian war-whoop. Meanwhile the emergency men worked with a will, and the stones and great fragments of plaster rattled down from the wall. In five minutes a gap was opened big enough to admit a man, and in went the bailiffs and out came John Lyddy, the tenant, the din redoubling at his appearance. The eviction began by handing out a few bits of poor furniture, a can of milk, and a bundle of flowers. Those last were characteristically seized and kept by Mr. Davitt, as a memento of the occasion. Then a cry was raised for sledge-hammers, and two big ones were handed in the gap. The sounds which immediately ensued indicated that the centre of interest had been transferred to the inside of the cottage, and so I climbed through the hole, dodging the pieces of broken furniture which came flying out. Inside the air was stifling with dust and heat, for the windows and doors had been blocked since early morning; and out of the semi-darkness Croker of Ballinagar advanced to meet me.

The sight was a ghastly one. The bedstead, an interesting old cupboard seven or eight feet high, and other things were being smashed up by blows from the sledges, which were whirling about over one's head, and considerable pieces of them were passed out of a window two feet square. Little enough there was, however, to fling out, and soon the crowbar men had

roughly piled up a wall of stones into the gap this had made.

John Lyddy handed to the Sheriff a bill of damages rapidly written for him by one of the priests ; the crowbars were piled into the cart ; the police closed round the emergency men, and slowly escorted them away ; the command, "By fours, march," sent the redcoats along the road ; the visitors closed in behind them, and the screaming crowd followed. Not all, however. One man and one little group remained. The man was John Lyddy, who stood gazing blankly at the chaotic mass, piled up in a heap, of his demolished furniture. The group consisted of his wife, with streaming eyes, grasping a pretty fair-haired baby child of about four, a red cur dog licking the child's hands, and Michael Davitt, with tears in his eyes, comforting them and dividing his flowers with the baby. The crowd had gone, the yells and cheers were already far off, the curiosity and excitement had passed into the next attack, and only the weeping wife and dazed husband, the baby, and the dog were left. To-day they are supported by the sympathy of the greater part of the country. But to-morrow, and to-morrow ? It was a sight

"To move the coward's heart to fire,  
To stir the sluggard's blood to flame."

But there was nobody left to behold it. One final figure, however, appeared for a moment upon the scene—a lean grey cat crept up on the roof, inspected the interior through a hole at the top of the gap left by the amateur architects of the crowbar brigade, then with almost judicial deliberation crept silently in, and retook possession of the deserted tenement.

This was the first eviction. The whole force of soldiers, police, and bailiffs only accomplished two as their day's work, and the second was far more dramatic and far more exciting. It was at the house of the Widow Macnamara, as shown in the accompanying sketch, and the process of surrounding it was precisely the same as before. In view of the elaborate and solid blockade of door and windows, a short council of war was held, and then the house, too, was attacked. At a corner of the rear wall amid the same noise and the same imprecations by the crowd,



which had greatly increased in volume and in excitement, a hole was soon made about 3 ft. by 2 ft., and at the height of a man's waist from the ground. The Sheriff stood hard by, and the leader of the crowbar men encouraged them with "Heave away, my men ; pitch the stones in on them, heave them in ;" and then, when the last big blocks fell inward amid a blinding cloud of dust, he shouted, "Get in, my men, get in !" But saying and doing were different things. The hole was filled by the faces of the family—three sturdy young fellows, two fine-looking young women, with the pleasant old face of the eighty-year widow, surrounded by its white frilled cap, in the background. They all stood shoulder to shoulder, and it was evident from the set teeth and flashing eyes of them all that they had not the slightest idea of giving way. "Get in, my men, get in, will you !" yelled the leader. Not they. The fourteen cowardly gaol-birds stood skulking there, revolvers and all, and not a man stirred. Croker of Ballinagar swore under his breath, and called upon the District Inspector to order his constables to clear the way. There was a second pause. Then the constables grasped their rifles, and sprang forward. Instantly all was babel at the corner. Father Hannon, a splendid young athlete, and as fine a man as one ever set eyes on, Michael Davitt, and several Englishmen present, carried away by their feelings, interposed between the tenants and the police, and yelling at the top of their voices, so as to make themselves heard above the clamour, told the officer he must not do so—that the persons to enter first must by the law be bailiffs, and not the police ; but it was too late. Mr. Jennings, in charge of the constabulary on the spot, called to his men to get in, and the Royal Irish are not men who hesitate. Three of them leapt at the gap, the men and women inside fought like tigers to push them back, and for a moment all was a confused scuffle. The excitement was at its intensest, and one expected every instant to see the flash of firearms from the inside. Then the constables got inside, and the crowbar men entered in their wake. A formal protest was made against the illegal entrance, and the commanding officers and the divisional magistrate retired to consult.

Croker of Ballinagar now came forward, exclaiming, "My people were beaten with sticks," a statement which Father Glynn instantly met with the retort, "You're a liar," and



"FIREBRANDS—LAY AND CLERICAL."  
(Fathers Murphy and Hannon, and Mr. Davitt.)

appealed to all present to confirm him, which they did. Then the women inside got hold of the crowbars and flung them out. More emergency men approached, and Mr. Davitt raised roars of

laughter by the happy remark, "Stand aside, and let the Liberal Unionists go in!" Then Croker appeared in the gap, and called out, "I should like the house cleared. The people are using very abusive language." "Not half bad enough for you," was, of course, the response from the crowd.

I entered the house now, and found a struggle beginning between the tenants and the Sheriff. "I want you to move out," said the latter, persuadingly. "We won't move," shouted the former. "Let them put you out; don't stir," yelled half a dozen voices through the opening, and Mr. Davitt's bass voice was audible above them all, exhorting the old lady in Irish, so as not to be understood, to lie down on the bed and compel them to carry her out. The men seized her, the sons sprang forward to protect their old mother, and once more all was curses and scuffle. The old lady conquered, and retired breathless but unevicted into the corner, while the brave bailiffs turned to the two daughters; and at this point of the proceedings a few blows were exchanged between a stranger and one of the crowbar men, whom he saw strike Kate Macnamara with his fist on the breast.

It would be easy to fill a volume with the incidents of the next hour, during which the Sheriff tried in vain to evict the tenants legally; with the variety of the curses and jokes and jibes; the impassioned and vain appeals of Croker to Colonel Turner to order his men to do bailiff's work, and his complaints, like "Mr. Davitt is actually encouraging them to resist our authority;" with the priestly exhortations like "Let Croker carry you out on his back," and "Go just as far as he shoves you." But it must suffice to say that at last the end came. Two English ladies (one of them curiously enough the daughter of that determined Unionist, Sir Henry Havelock-Allan) were led up to the gap to look in, and then the tenants were hoisted to the opening, Croker put his broad shoulders behind them, the crowbarmen piled themselves against him, and out they all went with a rush. Then was a dramatic incident. No sooner was plucky Kate Macnamara in the open air than she sprang upon the ruins of her home, and beckoning for silence with her hand, shouted slowly at the top of her voice, "Three cheers for the Plan of Campaign!" I never heard such cheers in my

life. Finally, Father Kenny, famous for the legend that an open-air sermon of his was once heard over the water half a mile away, stepped to an open spot, and raising his hat amid silence broken only by the command, "By fours, march," simply yelled in his stentorian tones, "Down with Landlordism!" It must be imagined what response came from the 5,000 tenants within hearing. One thing only remains to be added, the officers of the troops invited some of the visitors to luncheon with them, the latter politely declining on the ground that they would not eat with the Sheriff and the agent. An answer was sent that the Sheriff and the agent would not be invited, and accordingly Croker of Ballinagar, and the enterprising firm of Messrs. Delmege & Hosford, of Limerick, lunched in triple solitude at a distance, boycotted even by the gentlemen who were compelled to protect them, but who would not condescend to break bread with them. At the meeting subsequently held, before the chairman had finished his remarks, and before the helmets of the constabulary had disappeared over the hill, the Macnamaras had re-entered their home, and smoke was seen curling up merrily from the chimney. So much had the friends of law and order accomplished, at what cost to the British taxpayer we shall ultimately learn in the House of Commons.

## CHAPTER V.

### "BRAVE MAGGIE HUSSEY" AND "CROKER OF BALLINAGAR."

THE next day's events will be immortal in the annals of this already famous valley, and I may as well state from positive knowledge that unless the greatest precautions had been taken, and the utmost authority exercised by the clergy, and even by Mr. Davitt himself, the passive resistance which has been offered would have been, on the contrary, of a very active character ; and that, instead of the broken heads, we should have had bullet wounds ; instead of the clothes spoiled by cowering, bodies would have been ripped open by bayonets ; and instead of faces skinned by hot water for the doctor's hands, I should be writing of corpses for the coroner's inquest.

Warned by the rush of yesterday morning, we were up betimes, and drove rapidly out to Bodyke. Before nine o'clock the scouts came in from the hill-tops, and the tooting of the horns announced that the evictors, or the "exterminators," as they are called here, were in sight. It is never known, of course, where they will begin mischief till the redcoats take some definite direction. Suddenly they appeared heading towards quite an unexpected quarter, Major Mayhew, the courteous and gentlemanly commanding officer, and courageous enough, too, as subsequent events proved, taking a short cut across country on his horse. So across country we went also, and, Ireland being the land of bogs, banks, and ditches that it is, I pray that it may never be my fate again to have that handsome and powerful young member of the Church militant, the Rev. Father Hannon, of Tomgraney, for a leader in such a chase—a fifteen foot ditch is a matter of a stride for him, and he hops over an ordinary hedge without dropping an aspirate in the middle of a sentence. We reached James Lyddy's house however, as the

troops halted opposite it on the road. "On the centre, three paces extended, quick march," and the awkward squad—for really these Royal Welsh Fusiliers, for all the famous history of their regiment, were nothing more—shambled and strode and trotted into a formation which brought down upon their youthful heads the wrath of their officer and the curses of their sergeants.

James Lyddy stood silent before his door, and up came Croker of Ballinagar, followed by his gaol-birds, and protected on each side by a close rank of constables. "I demand an entrance," he said, formally, in a loud voice, "by virtue of this warrant." Then Lyddy broke silence. "Look at him, the thief," he yelled; "ye don't know your own appearance, ye black-guard," and then he disappeared rapidly among the constables. In the meantime the Fusiliers had received orders to fix bayonets, and the sun sparkled on a line of flashing steel above the hollow square about the house. Inside this line the constables formed two deep, and the crowbar brigade soon fell to work. Before they had given half a dozen blows, a white-headed old man in a long frieze coat and knee breeches, and leaning heavily on his blackthorn, stepped slowly out of the crowd right up to the line of soldiers, and then lifting his hat reverently said with slow and solemn emphasis, "I pray to God your hands may fall dead beside ye," and a low "Amen" ran through the crowd.

The religious ideas of these peasants, by the way, are of a primitive and Old Testament character, which I may illustrate by an amusing conversation I overheard while the evictions were at their height later on. As the police with drawn batons were advancing upon the crowd, a pious old man sprang to his priest's side and cried, "Stop them, father, stop them!" "I can't stop them, my man," replied the kindly ecclesiastic; "would you have me work a miracle?" "Moses did," was the instant and happy retort.

As soon as the crowbars had smashed in the corner of the house, Croker, who was evidently stung to the quick by the taunts of cowardice levelled at him yesterday, and who had also probably received a hint from the magistrate that in future

his men and not the constables must enter the houses first, sprang forward, and closely followed by his emergency gang flung himself straight through the gap and they all disappeared. In a second, sounds of blows and severe scuffling were heard, and loud screams from the women within. Now, the thought of the fourteen cruel ruffians, armed with crowbars and revolvers, struggling in the dark with several young women—for I believe there were no male tenants left within—was not to be endured, and I at once asked Colonel Turner for permission to enter, and be a witness of the scene, offering him my word that I would not interfere in any way. To my immense astonishment he absolutely and instantly refused, and even while I was expostulating with him and endeavouring to point out that the women were utterly at the mercy of the scoundrelly emergency men, and that nobody could possibly know that they would not be subjected to the most brutal treatment, I was simply dragged from his side by a soldier with a fixed bayonet. I was then left for five minutes, even outside the cordon of troops, until one of the members present called his attention to see to the flagrant injustice he was perpetrating, as I was the only representative of the press who had reached the spot at that hour, when he gave me permission to pass the sentries, but still refused permission to enter the house, even when the tenants and all the furniture had been thrown out. This eviction was soon accomplished, the household goods were soon lying in a broken heap in the yard, the milk in the pans inside was soon tossed out of the window, and only one other incident calls for record. The daughter of the house was Annie Lyddy, a girl with a face of the finest Milesian type, striking beyond description, with a mass of black hair flying loose in the wind, large sparkling blue eyes, and an expression of pride and sadness in which the wrongs of her country seemed reflected. She was passing with a jug of milk, when one of the soldiers asked her for a drink. As she stopped to hand it to him his comrades shouted to him, "Don't touch it; it's poisoned." "How do you know?" asked Davitt quietly, as the man thereupon refused to take it. "They told me not to touch any drink that was offered to me," he replied, "because it would be poisoned." "You fool," replied

Davitt, "you don't know much about Ireland yet," and he took the cup and drank it off to the girl's good luck. Certainly a man who would refuse a gift at Annie Lyddy's hands would decline a halo in heaven.

The story of surrounding the doomed tenants with a double line of police and soldiers is stale by this time, and I may pass on to the point when the crowbar men got to work upon the corner of Martin Macnamara's house, an attempt to mislead the agent by fortifying and remaining by the wrong house being defeated through the map which had been carefully prepared. As soon as the outer covering of the wall was torn away, the most despicable of the whole crew flung his crowbar, javelin fashion, straight through a little hole into the interior, and then turned and deliberately winked at his companions. He had thrown one through the first house, but everybody supposed it had slipped out of his hand by accident. The second time, however, and the wink, which was clearly seen by one of the visitors, and confirmed by a sergeant of the constabulary, suddenly showed the infernal trick he had been playing. The crowbar is five feet long, and weighs over 30 lb., and would have killed anybody standing inside whom it had struck. An indignant protest was instantly made to the magistrate by all the strangers present, who were so angry that I verily believe they would have lynched the brute then and there if they could have got at him. If anybody who has not been in Ireland thinks that my language about the crowbar brigade has been, perhaps, somewhat overstrung, this incident, by no means the only one I could recount, may serve to undeceive him.

When the walls fell in at last, Martin Macnamara, the tenant, was seen standing at the back of the room. Croker of Ballinagar again led his men to the charge, but fell back in an instant, struck fairly on the chest by a volley of cowdung, while his gallant followers doubled themselves up under a shower of boiling water. The victory, however, only remained for a moment with the malodorous missile, and Macnamara was arrested for throwing refuse, while the man who had thrown the crowbar escaped with less than a reprimand.

Then occurred the most pathetic scene yet witnessed in con-



nection with O'Callaghan's crusade. There was a hush inside the cottage while a second room was being forced, and then the wife was helped out, while the tears streamed down her face, and one by one eight children were passed up to the gap, and lifted out, wee things most of them, and one, the oldest, an imbecile girl of about twelve, screaming in terror as the constables took hold of her to help her over the heap of stones, while the sympathetic crowd yelled, "Don't cry—don't cry." The sight was one never to be forgotten—stalwart men in Her Majesty's uniform, armed to the teeth, taking these half-naked babies from their little home, and laying them at their weeping mother's feet, literally and positively in the dirt of the road. It was a scene that should be rehearsed over and over again to every Unionist in England, till there is not one of them left to glory in the recreant and Tory cheers that veneer the dirty and accursed work he is rendering possible.

Martin Macnamara, his wife, and eight children, had no supper the night before, nor even the price of enough Indian meal to make stirabout for them, and there were a good many moist eyes in that green lane when Father Murphy cried these facts aloud in everybody's hearing, and telling Macnamara that he was well rid of his heartless and tyrannous landlord, for that now he was better off than ever he was before, promised him that he should not want again, and handed him a couple of sovereigns, one left by an English visitor, and one from the purse of Michael Davitt.

After the human beings are gone, comes always the eviction of the live stock, which must be driven off the estate, and in this instance the process lasted a full hour. Anything more superbly ludicrous, except that it is but the grotesquer aspect of a heartless and disgusting task, cannot be imagined than to see a couple of hundred Royal Irish constables, assisted by a whole company of Her Majesty's troops, with fixed bayonets, deploying about a big field in the attempt to evict an indignant old sow and half a dozen lively roosters. Macnamara happened to have a good deal of stock, and after a reconnaissance in force had been made against three calves, the pig was surprised by a flank movement, a quick charge at the double cut off a dozen ducks,

a brilliant sortie into the next field was directed against the liberty of a little brown jackass, and a sharp skirmish took place between the Queen's forces and a couple of goats. But the people encouraged the geese by cries of "Whisht, whisht," they spurred up the pig with "hurrish," "hurrish," and just when the military believed it was safely in the highway, Michael Davitt had somehow induced the obese and obstinate rent-payer to betake himself back into his own domestic ditch. So Her Majesty's forces were defeated after all, and Macnamara was never legally evicted.

Everything else that occurred that day, however, pales before the events to which I now come. The next house, that of a poor old man named Michael Hussey, was known to be held by some determined persons, and three lads were seated upon the roof, one of whom used the chimney as an improvised telephone to report to the beleaguered party news of the movements of the enemy. For half an hour a council of war was held in a field some distance off, and then the forces advanced in hollow square, in which only a few baggage camels were lacking to make it a picture of the march across the desert in Egypt. Extraordinary precautions were taken, the police forced the crowd back with their batons, the field in which the house stood was completely cleared, and then, at last, the crowbar men got somewhat nervously at work. The house was a two-storied one, and very tough. A portion of the corner fell, and showed the floor of the upper story, upon which a young woman could be seen kneeling. She crept to the opening, and disclosed to the crowd the bright, homely face of young Maggie Hussey, who held out her hand to the men, now carefully screening themselves round the corner, beckoning them with jeers to come on, and then shouting in defiance, "Three cheers for the Plan of Campaign." Come on they did at last, with Croker of Ballinagar at their head again, with a pluck worthy of a far better cause. The moment, however, that their hands were upon the top of the gap, a perfect broadside of boiling water, gruel, peat, sticks, boards, and bottles was opened upon them and they were gone "like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown."

An indescribable tumult greeted this scene from the six thousand people who witnessed it, and the boy John telegraphed down the chimney the news of the retreat. Then another council of war was held, and a more bedraggled lot of men than the crowbar rowdies I have never seen. Croker himself was covered with dirt, drenched with hot water, and a spirt of the latter from Maggie's vigorous hand had produced a great ugly scald of the most painful character upon his left cheek, from which the skin soon peeled off, leaving a ghastly wound. But his sporting blood was up, and so was Colonel Turner's, and in less time than it takes to write it, a firing party of five constables was placed with their rifles at the "ready" opposite the gap. Then a bottle was flung from an upper window, severely cutting a constable's hand, and Colonel Turner added a couple of Fusiliers to the firing line. What their orders were may be gathered from the fact that the moment the man again appeared at the window the rifles were levelled at his head, with the men's fingers on the triggers.

It was an awful moment, and Father Murphy sprang forward and grasped the soldiers, with the loud cry of "You won't do that ! you won't murder them !" and a fearful howl of passion arose from the crowd. So certain did it seem that there would be bloodshed that I made a rapid sketch of the profiles of the two soldiers in order to be able to identify them later on ; but the man had disappeared, and the emergency men at last undermined the whole end of the house, which fell—gable, chimney, and all—out into the field. Then a storming party of constables and crowbarmen, again led by Croker, rushed in, and another desperate hand-to-hand scuffle ensued.

In addition to the missiles used before, a hive of bees was now upset in the house, and instantly an angry, buzzing cloud was about the emergency men's heads, and a most exciting series of contortions ensued. The bees, however, soon flew off to the unfortunate aide-de-camp on the roof, and he was very badly stung. I again begged Colonel Turner's permission to enter the house, but by this time it had occurred to him that he could neither give nor refuse such permission, and referred me to Croker as the only person who could extend it. To the

scalded, dripping, and dirt-stained man I accordingly went, and permission was instantly and courteously given, without a sign of excitement or anger, in spite of his most painful wound, on my pledge not to interfere by speech or act. In return, all I can do is to say that if Croker of Ballinagar had shown on the battlefield the courage and self-control he showed in Bodyke, he would now be in possession of the Victoria Cross. Inside the house I found myself in company with the crowbar men and a dozen constables, a few belated bees, and brave Maggie Hussey, who had followed Mr. Parnell's original advice to "keep a firm grip of your homesteads" with such splendid gallantry. I do not profess to say where passive resistance ends and active resistance begins, but I do know that it was impossible to be before that house that day, knowing the facts of the long years of rack rents and the lives of landlords and tenants, and not to admire and respect these men and women, and run to shake hands with them, as every one of us did. The names of Hussey and Macnamara—Kate, Maggie, and all the boys—will be honoured in Clare for many a long year.

## CHAPTER VI.

### EVICTING THE DYING.

UP to this time (Monday, June 6), the weather had been glorious, the people excited, the houses fortified, and the grip on the homesteads a tenacious one. Now, on the contrary, it changed to a day of discomfort, scenes where utter desolation and abject poverty predominated, no resistance worth mentioning, and paralysing inhumanity. Since daylight a thick hot rain had fallen steadily, and both troops and spectators were soaked by the time they reached the early and now familiar rendezvous. For the first two hours the forces marched about the country side, now in one direction, then another, first halting, then hurrying forward, and after six miles had been traversed thus we began to fear we were being led off on a false scent, while a second evicting party was actually at work elsewhere. It turned out, however, that the column was only in search of a group of houses which they knew to be unprepared, and as neither agents nor sheriff knew the district very well, it was a long time before they could light upon them.

Croker of Ballinagar presented a truly pitiable spectacle. He had donned a very old suit of clothes in place of the gay sporting attire spoiled on Friday, and the wounds upon his face were completely hidden by a handkerchief hanging from his hat and leaving only one eye exposed. The house before which the troops stopped at last was by far the most miserable of any that had yet been attacked. Thomas Fahy is said to be the poorest of the thirty-one tenants who are marked down for eviction, and certainly his home and his household possessions afforded every evidence of this. His house was a miserable broken-down cottage, his "furniture" was worth about half a crown for the lot, and the yard before his door was half a dunghill and half a

green cesspool formed from the drainings of it. He had made no preparations for resistance, and when he saw the spiked helmets coming over the hill he simply grasped his pitchfork, closed his door, and waited behind it in silent determination. As usual the spectators got to the scene of action before the evictors, and Michael Davitt entered the house first. Finding Fahy resolved to kill somebody before he was thrown out, Mr. Davitt seized the pitchfork, but it was only after a struggle and argument, lasting two or three minutes, that Fahy relinquished the weapon and his resolution. Then the forces arrived, the few people present were kept back at a distance of 150 yards, not a word was spoken by anybody, and in complete silence the poor sticks of furniture, a battered tin or two, a handful of potatoes, and a few pieces of peat were flung out on the dunghill. This occupied less than five minutes, and then his wife appeared with a baby at her breast, and the door was fast nailed up. The rain was still falling fast, and there was not an inch of shelter for the woman and her child, so Mr. Cox and Mr. Kenny, the two Parnellite members, hastily built up a rude shelter for her out of the remains of the family bedstead, which was so rotten that the crowbarmen had just pulled it to pieces with their hands. A sovereign was raised for the family on the spot, the constables received their marching orders in an undertone, and the woman was left under the dirty boards, with her feet on the dunghill, and the green pool of filth within reach of her right hand. It is simply impossible to comment on such a scene, and all present spoke below their breath as if they were at a funeral. Hosford, the agent—a big, fat, red-nosed man—stood by all the time arranging his papers for the other evictions with perfect unconcern.

There was a good deal of hesitation before the next house was attacked, although it was in no way fortified. It stood one of a group in a valley surrounded by a clump of trees in full blossom. The hesitation was the result of the Sheriff's uncertainty as to which was the right house. At last he decided, and advanced as usual with the formal demand of an entrance "upon this warrant." The tenant began a long protest, but was cut short by Mr. Davitt's remark, "You legally protest, do you?"

"I do," replied Moloney. "Then don't say anything more," was the curt response. So out old Moloney came, his two sons and four daughters after him, and then the table, the chairs and beds and crockery, the milk and peat and potatoes followed rapidly. Then came the point of the joke, for this eviction, it must be clearly understood, constituted the humorous episode of the whole campaign. As Croker was leaving, he was stopped by the appearance of Moloney with a document in his hands, under the vigilant escort of Mr. Cox. The injured man listened to the reading of this with an expression so comical that it could be seen through the dripping handkerchief which hid four-fifths of his face. It was a carefully worded protest, and a notice of action against him for assault and illegal eviction. Croker saw his mistake in an instant. He had evicted the wrong man. No notice nor suit had been served on Michael Moloney, and all that remained was for some court to assess the damages. Moloney's son immediately burst the door open again, and Mr. Crotty, one of the resident magistrates, committed an amusing assault by seizing by the leg a small boy who climbed through the window, declaring that he could not tolerate such behaviour while the Queen's forces were present. The rejoicings over the trap in which the exterminators had thus fallen were many and loud.

The third eviction was quite uneventful—that is, uneventful so far as the English public is concerned—although to Pat Macnamara and his nine children it was probably the most striking event of their lifetime. The resistance he offered was of the slightest character, consisting only of a few green bushes stuck in at the windows and doors.

Another wasted hour, and weary marching in steaming great-coats through the ankle-deep mud, brought the evicting party to John Cooney's house, every entrance to which had been rendered inaccessible. It was therefore surrounded in the approved manner by the double cordon of soldiers and police, and the Fusiliers were ordered to fix bayonets. The house was a tough one; but, though the Sheriff was warned that there was a man very ill inside, he set these burglars, as it is now fashionable to term them, to work, which they did with a will, and after

half an hour's sharp crowbar practice there was a crash, and simultaneously a great yellow stream of boiling gruel came flying out. As the steam and dust cleared away two strong girls were visible within, each with a large pail of the same stuff all ready. Colonel Turner lent Croker his umbrella, and thus armed, like the Duke of Cambridge on parade, the Pride of Ballinagar advanced to the breach. One of the girls fired, Colonel Turner's umbrella stopped about a gallon of hot stirabout, and Croker retired, handing his shield to a constable. The word to charge was given, and four constables, led by a man with an open umbrella in one hand and a rifle in the other, stormed the house. The second girl fired off her pail, the knight of the umbrella covered his face with it, the yellow stirabout reached him from the shoulders to the feet, and the storming party was in possession and two weeping girls were in custody.

The furniture was passed out of the first room, and then there was a pause, while Dr. Scanlan, of Tulla, the medical officer of the parish, was sent for. He entered, and there was another pause. I was again refused permission to enter, and then Croker appeared at the gap calling for his colleague in infamy (Hosford). He whispered earnestly in the latter's ear for a moment, informing him, as there can be no doubt after what followed, that Dr. Scanlan forbade the removal of the sick man. Hosford replied aloud, "They must remove him as best they can." Immediately afterwards Dr. Scanlan came out and informed us, with visible emotion, that the man inside, John Cooney, son of the tenant, was much too ill to be removed. "The poor fellow is but one remove from death," he said. "He has acute heart disease, besides being a hypochondriac, and to my knowledge, for I have attended him, he has hardly been out of bed for a year and a half." Dr. Scanlan further informed me that Croker had refused him time to make an examination of the man, and that even while he was hastily taking his temperature, which was extremely high, Croker exclaimed, "I shall put him out at once, unless you speak." Very slowly, supported by his weeping sisters on either side, and held up by the crowbar men from behind, poor dying John Cooney tottered down the pile of stones which lay in front of the broken wall of his father's house. He



was deathly pale, and had evidently been hurriedly wrapped in a couple of greatcoats and a muffler and wool cap, and then he was actually set down on a piece of the bed upon the bare ground, with his head resting against the wall, and covered with another old overcoat. "He may drop dead any minute," said Dr. Scanlan aloud, as the lad came out ; and if I were at liberty to repeat the remarks uttered by some of the officers commanding the troops and the constabulary, they would make a sensation.

The spectacle was simply paralysing in its inhumanity. One could only stand and look on dumbfounded at the incredible and indescribable cruelty being enacted before one's eyes, feeling, however, after a while that a great light was coming into one's mind upon the problem why it is that Irishmen hate England's rule and English rulers, and distrust everything and everybody that has the stamp of England's authority on it. If that lad dies, his blood will be upon the agent Hosford's head, as clearly as ever man's blood lay upon a murderer on the scaffold. After the forces had gone, however, the crowd rushed in, forced the door, relighted the fire, replaced the furniture, and a score of willing hands rebuilt the wall. So much for O'Callaghan's victory and the supremacy of the English law.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A SIGHT ON A HILL-SIDE.

EVICTION was rapidly reduced to a fine art in this unhappy valley, and each morning saw some task begun in the campaign of extermination, and each evening saw its close, with the relentless regularity of a machine. When we drove into Bodyke each day there were some half-dozen families beneath the roof they had built, in possession of the crops they had sown—poor, perhaps, but still sheltered from the wind and the rain, and with that primal eldest privilege of civilised mankind, a hearthstone which is sacred to them from the whole world. Each night as we drove back these families were in the ditch or the road, their cottages ruined by the crowbar, their furniture smashed to bits by the sledge-hammer, their goats and chickens and pigs driven off the land, the mothers and daughters and sisters noted down in a constable's book for summons, and the fathers and brothers in handcuffs on their way to prison—and all for what? Simply from inability to perform the miracle of squeezing from the land a yearly sum of money which is admittedly in the majority of cases beyond its physical power to produce. That is, in other words, the tenants are evicted, robbed, maltreated, and imprisoned, that the landlords may be protected from losses due to the irresistible operation of natural laws. And from the first "Quick march" ordered at daylight to the last "Come back, come back," blown by the bugle in the afternoon, the whole machinery moves as easily and as regularly as if it were actuated by somebody turning a handle in hell.

One of the peasants of Bodyke who made a most pleasant impression upon us was Frank Macnamara; a name, by the way, which is extremely common. He is a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three, with fair hair and a frank, sunburnt face, strongly built, genteel in manner, and full of enthusiasm for the

Irish cause, and of longing to run some risk or meet some danger for it. To-day his desire was gratified, and he was marched off handcuffed between a double file of police to sleep to-night, and many a night, in Limerick gaol, making one more who has graduated with honours in the great university of those whom Ireland loves and respects, by passing the examination of the plank bed and the skilly at the hands of the representatives of English law and order. It came about in this way.

The first house marked out for visitation—we have now got to Tuesday, June 7—for there is no need to dwell upon the old story of the elaborate military tactics which commence each day's proceedings, beyond saying that a scouting party of Fusiliers searched the hills in advance of the main body to catch a firing party of peasants supposed to be lying in wait—was that of Frank's father. It had been strongly barricaded for a fortnight, and the back wall was smashed in by crowbars. As soon as the gap was made some hot gruel was flung out, and the hole was closed by two open umbrellas held against it from outside, one of them belonging to Colonel Turner himself, and lent for the purpose. A thick stick used vigorously from within soon demolished these, and a series of shots were made at the crowbar men with the yellow boiling fluid by three girls—Johanna Kennedy, and Ann and Bridget Macnamara. Then the volunteer police, led as usual by a powerful fellow named Sergeant Dowler, rushed in, and the emergency rowdies climbed rapidly after them. They disappeared, and none of them returned for a long time; so Father Murphy, who is allowed as parish priest to be on the spot, entered after them. To him I am indebted for my knowledge of what took place. Two constables were holding Johanna Kennedy in a brutal manner, one of them having previously struck her violently upon the side with his baton; and she declares that she would have been choked had not another constable come to her rescue and pulled them off. A third constable clutched her by the back of the neck, and shaking his club at her, exclaimed, "Ye devil, ye haven't had half enough." Frank Macnamara the constables had captured in an inner room, and him they had bludgeoned, so that

he was dragged out manacled, with his face bleeding. A charge was immediately made against him that he had thrown vitriol at the constables as they entered, and, in proof of the statement, some brown stains upon the coat of one of the crowbar men were exhibited. The charge, however, was dropped, and Annie Macnamara, who was remanded to the assizes without bail on the same charge, has just been liberated on her own recognizances. The charge of vitriol throwing was found, in fact, to be absurd. Sergeant Dowler, who was first in the house, assured me, in the presence of Mr. Carey, district inspector, and Captain Welch, resident magistrate, that he neither saw nor heard anything of vitriol in the house. The girls swear positively that nothing whatever was thrown after the men entered, and as for the statement made by some of the police that vitriol was mixed with pailfuls of water, which were thrown at them, it is preposterous. The character of the constables who entered may be judged by the fact that Father Murphy, who is quite the mildest and gentlest and most conservative priest of the countryside, came out beside himself for a moment with anger and indignation, and denounced the constables to Colonel Turner, pointing them out personally as barbarians, and men utterly unfitted by their brutal passions to be engaged in any such work, and begging Colonel Turner to restrict them to sentry duty. The facts about the vitriol I learnt to be these. Frank Macnamara had been provided by somebody with a bottle of vitriol and a quantity of salt, and was told that if poured the one upon the other, such an abominable and suffocating stench would be produced that the constables and emergency men would not be able to stay in the house, and this was what he tried to do. It was of course very foolish to use such dangerous materials. Johanna Kennedy, his cousin, is an extremely plucky creature. "I let him have one pailful of the boiling stuff straight at his head," she explained. "Hush," said the bystanders, "they will hear you." "What do I care," she retorted, "if they do? Sure, ain't I proud of the pleasure of going to prison for a bit? I'd rather go a thousand times than they should touch Frank. My father and mother were evicted by O'Callaghan's father thirty-five years ago, though, sure, I

was not in the world then, and their house was burned over their heads ; and now to-day, praise God, I've given him a bit back for it. I only wish it were more !” Such is the spirit that animates those sons and daughters of the soil as they hold on with a natural instinct to the houses they have built and to the land they have reclaimed—a spirit which is as thrilling to witness as it is a privilege to portray it. But Johanna and



THE WIDOW MACNAMARA IN HER FORTRESS.

Bridget are at hard labour for a month ; and the last I saw of poor Frank was his effort to lift his tattered hat with his handcuffed hands as he disappeared in the red and green crowd of the Royal Irish and Welsh Fusiliers to his three months of prison life.

Her Majesty's troops, the Royal Irish, the Resident Magistrates, the Sheriff, the agents, and the fourteen blackguards with

the crowbars, all put together, only succeeded in evicting two families as their day's work. Some exceptional circumstances of distress come in to relieve me of the need of any repetition. Henry Murphy has a wife and six children—three boys and three girls—of whom the oldest is eight years and the youngest seven months. He held fourteen acres, and owed two years' rent; Griffiths' valuation was £16 5s.; judicial rent, £21; and his rack rent has been £30 5s. Besides his young family his house was garrisoned by three relatives—Margaret Nash and two girls, each named Kate Tuohy. It was smashed open at the back, a sharp fight ensued, in the course of which an emergency man received the contents of a pan of hot stirabout straight in his face, and was led away to the doctor, and then the girls were brought out, cheering, as they all do, for the Plan of Campaign. Then a low savage bellow, like a bull's, from the crowd directed attention once more to the gap in the wall, and out came Mrs. Murphy, purple with passion, and carrying her baby with its primitive feeding bottle in her arms. As soon as her feet were safe on the grass she looked round, and catching sight of Hosford, the agent, close to her, she held up the half-naked infant in his face and screamed, "Hosford, did ye ever get a child, ye cruel murderer!" It was the question which was in the mind of everyone present, and she did but give it utterance with the brutal directness of outraged maternity. After Mrs. Murphy came her five little children, and they clung to her skirts in a terrified group just outside the red cordon of soldiers. Then a sergeant, who has distinguished himself every day by his brutal manner, brought her a chair by command of his officer, and chucked it contemptuously down a few feet from her. Instantly Michael Davitt sprang forward and sent it spinning by a vigorous kick, exclaiming as he did so, "Sit on the grass, Mrs. Murphy, don't take anything at their hands." If the whole English people could have been condensed at that moment into one eye, with one brain behind it to understand, and one heart to feel, and could have looked down that green slope near Bodyke, the Irish question would have been settled before another sun set on two estranged and embittered peoples. Behind us was the hoarse yelling and cursing

crowd, held back by the police with their batons, and then the red line of soldiers with their fixed bayonets ; in front, looking down the hill between the double row of constables, one saw first the mother and her five little children upon the grass, and next the group of the scalded Sheriff, the pompous agent, and Colonel Turner and Major Mayhew, two good men badly employed ; beyond them again the little cottage, smashed and torn open, with the villainous emergency men flinging out the furniture through the hole in the wall ; while over the thatched roof and far away beyond the road the eye fell upon a placid blue lake shaded with trees, and upon the kind of exquisite landscape which the Irish orator must have had before him when he described his native land as "laughing back the smile upon the countenance of God." Nature at her best, and man at his worst—that was the contrast, and the lessons it conveyed were irresistible to all who beheld it.

The next day's hollow square focussed itself first around Mat Tuohy's cottage. His holding was of seven acres, and his original rent was £4 15s. At one bound, nearly thirty years ago, it was raised, he assured me positively, to £12—a rack-rent which he paid till a few years ago, when the landlord struck off £1 a year, reducing it to £11, and this he then paid till 1882, when the Land Courts fixed it at £5 10s. A rough calculation thus shows that Tuohy has paid Col. O'Callaghan a round sum of about £175 more than he has owed him. "And what sort of land is yours ?" I asked him. "By God, sir, look at it," he replied, with tears in his eyes, as he pointed up the hill to a few fields covered with stones. While he was giving me these particulars, the officers in command of this expedition were also learning them, and I deeply regret that consideration for the position and prospects of these gentlemen prevents me from repeating their words of astonishment and indignation. The evictions were not accomplished without a sharp and prolonged defence on the part of his wife and his three sisters, who disputed every stone of the wall, and every inch of the ground. "Shove the stones *in* on them ! Shove them *in* ! Damn you, don't you hear what I say !" yelled the arch ruffian of the crow-bar brigade at his crew again and again as the pieces of the

wall kept falling outward, and when the gap had been made a policeman and a crowbar man rushed up to it, each armed with a shield constructed of boards and sacking about half the size of an ordinary dining table. For full five minutes a dozen of them crowded round the hole, vainly looking for a safe chance to get in. At last a policeman pulled a long, thin beam off the roof, and using it as a lance, plunged in, and the rest followed.

A chorus of screams and curses arose inside, and in a minute a constable emerged, white as a miller from head to foot, and pressing his hands on his eyes, drenched with white-wash, he made his way to the doctor. The scuffle within continued, and Father Hannon, believing that the women had flung lime, though it turned out to be only whitewash, and that they were still fighting within, rushed up, and asked Colonel Turner's permission to go up and have them stop. "Certainly," was the instant reply; "come with me." "Come back, sir," peremptorily ordered an over-officious officer of constabulary; "the Sheriff has said that nobody is to be admitted." "Let him say it to me," responded Colonel Turner, sharply, and the officer fell back, well snubbed. Then Hosford, who is held in loathing by every single person here, tried his hand. "Nobody is to come near here," he shouted. "Don't speak to me, sir!" was Colonel Turner's peremptory reply; but the Sheriff is all-powerful within his own domain, and when Croker's bandaged face appeared, and he declared he would not have anybody in the yard, Father Hannon was compelled to retire behind the police. So are the forces of order suppressed, and the bludgeon encouraged to its work. More constables were then sent in, and at last the women were dragged out, held tightly gripped in the arms of stalwart Royal Irishmen. Tuohy's wife, married three months ago, was much the most energetic, and she was secured by a policeman placing his baton across her breast, and holding each end of it tight from behind in each hand. As the constables emerged they were indeed a transformed crowd. They had gone in black, but several of them came out quite white—helmet, tunic, trousers, sword-bayonet and all.

The next two evictions were accomplished without incident.

Pat Wall, the third attacked, had a holding of seven acres, his



original rent was £3 17s., his valuation was £4 1s., his judicial rent £7, and his rack-rent for years £10. What I have now to describe will not, I fear, be believed, and it certainly seems, upon the face of it, beyond the bounds of sane credulity ; but I cross-questioned at considerable length the persons chiefly concerned, and it is true. Pat Wall's mother, an infirm old woman of eighty, was bludgeoned in his house, as she sat in her chair, by a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary who formed one of the volunteer storming party, and she bore the marks of his baton in the shape of a bad black eye. She was bedridden, and was lifted up by her daughter-in-law to be evicted, and the two blue bruises above and below her left eye upon her poor old wrinkled face formed the most pitiable sight imaginable. While her son was led off to gaol in handcuffs, she sat in a chair on the road, wailing and rocking her wounded and aching head backwards and forwards in her hands. The whole crowd, visitors, correspondents, and all, pressed round her as she sat crying there, and Mr. Davitt stood upon the wall five feet from her as he addressed the people afterwards, and denounced the outrage they had all witnessed ; and yet in Parliament, as will be seen later, the occurrence was dismissed with a word of flat and half contemptuous denial. And while Pat Wall was being handcuffed, and like every man made prisoner there, was abusing everybody at the top of his voice, excited as he was almost to madness by the cruel and cowardly treatment of his old mother, one of the District Inspectors, whose name I suppress in the belief that he is thoroughly ashamed of himself long before this, clothed in the uniform of an officer, and therefore theoretically a gentleman, rushed up and shouted at him, "You hold your bloody tongue !" Like master, like man : no wonder there are savages among the Royal Irish.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BAYONET : THE FIGHT FOR "HALLORAN'S FORT."

THE extraordinary and prolonged precautions with which the troops preceded the constables over the biggest hill on the estate the next morning (Friday, June 10) were of themselves sufficient evidence that something new and difficult was on foot, but the inhabitants needed no such proof when they saw that the house of the Halloran family was the point aimed at. This house is the most substantial of all the doomed houses, being two stories high, built of stone and good mortar, with a slated roof and containing two large rooms upon each floor. The Hallorans are somewhat superior to their neighbours in well-being, and live in a more comfortable way. Yesterday when I went over the house they had all just returned from mass, and did not present at all the appearance of an ordinary Irish peasant family, but rather that of a well-to-do household of the English lower middle class. The youngest daughter Sarah is a girl of about sixteen, with laughing blue eyes and a smile like concentrated sunshine. The three older girls are intelligent and fairly educated, and the two older sons are as fine specimens of young Ireland, both in physique and temperament, as could be found in all Clare. The father is an old fellow of sixty, and Mrs. Halloran is a stout, powerful woman, possessed, as the day's events showed, of the most determined courage. The house was fortified as if for a year's siege. Every door and window was blocked with logs and thorn bushes, except a little one on the second story reached by a plank from the ground, along which the family passed in and out. Inside, the boards had been taken up from the floor to allow of things being dropped upon the invaders should they secure entrance to the lower rooms ; a dozen large tubs and pans of water stood about ; a heap of peat, six feet square, blocked up the corner

which it was believed the crowbar-men would attack ; half-a-dozen pitchforks were disposed ready to hand ; long poles were prepared to push off the scaling-ladders which the stormers might employ ; a great thorn bush was cut to block the door between the two parts of the house in case one of them should be carried by assault ; and in the odd corners left by these elaborate preparations the beds of the family were stowed away, and screened off by temporary partitions. The best part of the furniture had been removed to under a hedge in the next field, and for more than a fortnight all the ten Hallorans have lived and cooked and eaten and slept in the cold draughty and narrow fort into which they have converted their cosy and comfortable home. The suspense of waiting an attack day by day has told heavily on them all, but it is over now. " Halloran's Fort " did not suffer a long siege, but yielded to an assault short and very sharp, in which blood flowed freely, and the bayonet played the leading part. As I have said, the military commanders knew well that they had a hard nut to crack, and they approached in such a cautious and elaborately tactical manner that it took them a full hour to pass from the road over the hill and down to the house in the valley, a total distance of perhaps five or six hundred yards. During this hour Mr. Davitt went down to the house and removed the pitchforks for the second time, having already done so once the day before ; while a number of men who had come in from a disturbed district not far away taunted the Bodyke men with their tame submission to the Sheriff, and demanded of them, mockingly, where was the gallant defence everybody had been led to expect ?

At last, however, and with the usual difficulties, the square was formed, the line of constables posted, and the Sheriff and his dainty crew advanced to the attack. As the first preliminary knocks of the crowbars echoed through the house, the two younger girls appeared like clockwork at two portholes which had been knocked in the upper wall, each with a pan of water in her hand, and before the third blow could be given, these were emptied simultaneously over the heads of the men below. A wild yell from the crowd, which was ranged round the top of the surrounding high ground at a distance of 150 yards, greeted

the sally. The girls laughed merrily, disappeared for a second, reappeared with two more pans of water, and calmly held them poised till the bailiffs should venture again within range. This produced a sort of deadlock in the situation, and Colonel Turner undertook at once to deal with it. "Mr. Crotty," he cried, in a loud voice, addressing the divisional magistrate, "warn them that if they throw water they'll be shot;" and then hurrying to the officers standing by he shouted, "Bring up your riflemen!" Accordingly, a sergeant of the Fusiliers and a constable advanced, and taking up a position about thirty feet from the house, brought their rifles to the "ready" opposite the girls. "Now, Mary," shouted Mr. Crotty, addressing Sarah Ann Halloran, the pretty little girl I have mentioned, "go in; or you'll be severely punished if you're brought up before me." Never were the majesty of the law and the forces of the Crown treated with such utter contempt. The girls took positively not the slightest notice, but waited just as calmly with their water ready as if there were not a magistrate or a constable nearer than Limerick. The crowd, seeing the state of affairs, yelled with delight. The crowbar men, vigorously and profanely exhorted by their leader, commenced operations again with considerable hesitation, and panful after panful of water, clean and dirty, was shot at them from the two portholes above, some of it taking effect, but more being stopped by the elaborate shields with which the bailiffs had again provided themselves. Suddenly loud blows resounded from within, and soon the blade of a spade came through the roof, knocking a big hole through the rafters, and sending a hail of slates down upon the heads of the crowbar brigade, who once more accomplished a rapid movement to the rear. Then the sturdy forms of the two sons appeared, stripped to their shirts, one through the roof and one through a porthole in the gable, each armed with a bucket of presumably hot water. They were received with a thundering cheer from the crowd, and in their turn they calmly surveyed the situation. When a bailiff approached they raised their buckets, and when he retired they set them down again. A second deadlock was thus created, and Colonel Turner once more came to the rescue. "If those men throw anything, shoot them!" he

cried, and the riflemen brought their arms to the shoulder and took aim at the boys above. The latter, though they heard every word that was said, and could almost have reached the riflemen with their water, did not even condescend to look at them. With a quiet smile upon their faces, they remained in vigilant unconcern. Such astounding coolness took everybody aback, and there was another pause.

Suddenly both boys disappeared, and loud shouts and cries came from the front of the house. All this time we had been watching the scene from the back, but instantly we rushed round and saw that all the pauses were over, and that a hand-to-hand fight was in progress. A narrow ladder had been reared against one of the small upper windows, and by catching the defenders napping, the police had succeeded in pulling away the thorn bush with which it had been blocked up. At the top of the ladder were three constables clinging to the sill and to one another with one hand, while grasping the stocks of their rifles with the other, and making desperate efforts to bayonet those within. The latter had dragged another bush to the opening, and with sticks and iron bars they simply rained a storm of blows upon the bayonets and the stocks of the rifles. Stab, stab ! went the glittering steel through the window ; crash, crash ! fell the blows from within. The crowd screamed in frantic excitement, the officers shouted orders at the tops of their voices, the constables yelled encouragement to their comrades in the air, the cries of the women in the house could be heard above it all, and everyone whose business imposed upon him the appearance of judicial calm, stood trembling with excitement and anxiety.

The rifles began to waver as the hands that wielded them gave way to the strain. The blows from the house rang louder and faster upon the steel. With a crack a heavy sword-bayonet broke off from the barrel, and fell ringing to the ground. Then the rifle was knocked squarely out of the hands of the policeman at the top. He himself faltered for a moment, grasped wildly at the air, and fell sideways from the top of the ladder, his fall being slightly broken by the thorn bush and his comrades who tried to catch him from below. No sooner was he gone

than a long beam came slowly out of the window, its end was planted deliberately against the chest of the constable now foremost on the ladder, and in spite of the convulsive efforts of himself and his companion a long strong shove from inside pushed them both slowly into an upright position upon the ladder and then toppled them over, sending them sprawling one upon the other, head foremost to the ground. Blood was flowing over the face of the first policeman who fell, and from the hands of



SARAH HALLORAN'S SMILE.

the men at the window, which were plainly visible covered with blood, it was evident that the bayonets had done their work. But the breach was clear and the attack completely repulsed.

The excitement was great before, but by this time it had passed all bounds. What was to come next, nobody could tell. Suddenly the crowd of constables parted, and the tall, athletic figure of young Father Hannon appeared—a striking figure in his priest's hat and a long black mackintosh with a picturesque

cape which he wears in all weathers, flying behind him. One bound brought him to the foot of the ladder before anybody could think of stopping him, and with a couple of steps he was at the top and had flung himself—prayerbook in hand—without a second's hesitation straight through the narrow window. The police had seen their chance, and one of them was at the top at about the same moment, and more quickly than I can write it several of them had crowded in behind him. A hubbub within and all the excitement was over. For the spectators nothing more happened. The door was forced open from inside, the emergency men entered and flung out the furniture and everything else, and until the prisoners were brought out nearly an hour later, the only incident was the momentary appearance of one of the blood-stained boys at the window waving his hat in his handcuffed hands, and shouting "Three cheers for the Plan of Campaign!"

The wounded constables now claimed the doctor's attention. One of them lay under the shade of the hedge, with two or three cuts over his eyes, and a long ugly scratch across the side of his head. "Severe contusions all over the body," said Dr. Raymond, the regimental doctor, with remarkable insight, for as the man's clothes had never been removed, he could have had no possible opportunity of discovering this by the exercise of his ordinary senses. Mr. Hill, the district inspector, who led the charge—an Englishman, by the way—had a nasty prod in the wrist, and another young constable had received a blow over the arm which necessitated the use of a sling, and the doctor expected him for some time to faint, but he did not. The police had shown all the courage possible, and they had escaped very fortunately under the circumstances. The defenders received several blows and cuts of which I did not learn the particulars, but no serious injury. Except for Father Hannon's plucky intervention, however, the result would have been much more serious. When he got inside, he discovered that the boys had captured a policeman, who had entered at some other point, and, holding him by the shoulders and legs, were on the point of pitching him headfirst out of the window. He rescued the man, and the boys promised to be quiet. But when the other con-

stables rushed in and one of them struck Mrs. Halloran a violent blow on the mouth (Father Hannon is my authority for these details), the eldest son caught the policeman who was trying to hold him, twisted him round like a top, and springing upon the one who had struck his mother, dealt him a blow with his fist which sent him spinning right across the room.

The process of charging the prisoners before Captain Welch was a very short one. The Hallorans preserved a perfectly unruffled demeanour, and the youngest daughter gave the magistrate a sunshiny smile which a more susceptible man would have remembered all his life. He assured me, however, that he did not even notice it. One girl was released, and the other three were marched off between the files of constables. The passions of these had been exhibited in the most startling manner, and the spectacle of these young girls being dragged off to jail by them without a single friendly eye to watch over them, was appalling. Accordingly, Mr. Davitt asked Father Quinn to go to Colonel Turner and insist upon accompanying the girls to jail and passing the night near them, as "nobody could trust the ruffians who had them in charge." I am quoting Mr. Davitt's words. Father Quinn did so instantly, and with such determination that he was soon upon the car with them and on his way to prison. After a halt, however, and a long discussion, Colonel Turner ordered their release, in spite of the opposition of some of the other officers; and they were summoned and sentenced to hard labour in due course.

The only matter remaining to mention is the conduct of the constabulary. This had gone from bad to worse, until it reached a state of brutality almost incredible. I affirm positively—and every correspondent who was there and every visitor on the spot may be appealed to to confirm my words—that they were actuated by an almost overpowering desire to attack the people. Instead of a general denunciation, however, I will give three specific instances, in support of each of which I will engage to put half a dozen witnesses upon oath in the witness box. First the constables were ordered to clear a field. One man was left; he was running away as fast as he could when a constable ran after him and deliberately and without the slightest reason or



provocation, struck him a violent blow across the back with a long stick. I turned to Colonel Turner, by whom I was standing, and with whom I was accustomed to exchange remarks all day long, and said, "Did you see that, sir?" "Don't interfere with me when I am discharging my duty," retorted Colonel Turner, as he sat on the grass. But he did see it, and hence probably the form of the reply. Second, an emergency man stole a hammer from the house and was carrying it off, when old Halloran ran after him claiming it; and Mr. Cox, M.P., followed to aid him. Mr. Crotty, the magistrate, to whom the gratitude of everyone is due for his courtesy and fairness during all these trying times, ran after them calling to the man to bring the hammer back that the charge might be investigated. But a constable ran up, and was positively drawing his baton to club old Halloran, when he was stopped. Of the third instance I cannot trust myself to speak in many words. When the whole force had got to the road on their way home, a dozen police sprang over the wall back into the field, and rushed savagely with drawn batons, upon some men who had jeered them, and, catching one man, they struck at him as he dodged about blow after blow, exactly as boys strike at a rabbit they are chasing. This was in the presence of hundreds of people, who, including all the correspondents present, cursed the cowardly wretches at the top of their voices. Colonel Turner is stated, by one who was near him on the road, to have denounced the act as a gross piece of cowardice, about which, indeed, there can be no two opinions. As a result, the order went out to boycott the Royal Irish in the whole neighbourhood, and this although previously they have been on good terms with the people.

So ended the latest phase of this "put-up-job" at Bodyke, as we learned it had been described in London drawing-rooms. But before concluding the story I must supplement my account of the fight for Halloran's fort by a few details of old Halloran's experiences as a tenant of Colonel O'Callaghan's. These details are of great importance, as showing beyond question that the tenants have every right to the homesteads for which they have contended so bravely, and that the cruelties of these evictions are as Pelion piled upon Ossa, in the shape of barbarity

added to injustice, and ruin heaped upon wrong. Halloran's holding consists of  $17\frac{1}{2}$  Irish acres, of which he has been tenant since the year 1848. The first rent his father paid in 1822 was £13 10s., and Halloran himself has paid rents successively raised from £23 10s. to £28, £30, £31, and £33. From 1869 to 1882 he paid this rack-rent of £33. Then the Land Court reduced it to what it was at first—viz., £23 10s.—which rent was originally almost contemporaneous with Griffith's valuation of £16 15s. The house which was defended yesterday Halloran himself built at a cost of £120, and the unfinished outhouse adjoining it his son had erected with his own hands, after raising £56 from the Board of Works, and purchasing the material. Besides the rack-rent above mentioned, Halloran has paid for years an extra sum of 50s. for drainage money, and he assured me that in 1850, two years after he succeeded to the tenancy, much of the holding was a mass of furze bushes, and that it cost him 2,000 barrels of lime to clean it, the money to buy these being sent him from Sydney from two brothers who were prospering there. With those few facts before him, anyone is in a position to decide whether the land and the houses really belonged more to O'Callaghan or Halloran, and which of the two was breaking the higher law and employing violence to support wrong in the fight I have described.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE BLUDGEON : "IT WAS BY MY ORDERS!"

THE first house visited next day was that of Thady Collins, where a young woman lay at the point of death, with her seven weeks' old baby in the cradle by her bedside, her rosary grasped in her wasted hands, and her white lips moving silently in prayer, as if she were expecting the onset of a legion of devils. Her father stood grinding his teeth at his helplessness, while the big tears ran fast down his cheeks. When Hosford drew near with his red-nosed smile, Father Hannon met him with several doctors' certificates, and immediately the forces which had all marched up the hill marched down again, but whether out of consideration for the dying, or, as the neighbours whispered, because the rent had been paid privately, I cannot say. [Hosford has since written to the *Times* complaining strongly of this sentence : he has my sympathy for once.]

Michael Callaghan was the next recipient of his namesake's distinguished attention, and his cottage was not captured without a sharp struggle, in which several of the evictors got well scalded. He held 10 acres, and was as rack-rented a tenant as almost any on the estate. When his father died the rent was £11 10s. It was raised to £20, and this preposterous charge he paid—pray mark the fact—for *twenty years* before it was reduced by the Land Court to £13.

Ellen Wall came next, and, as there is more to tell about the "grip" kept on the homestead, let me get the figures out of the way first, as they are very bad ones. The holding of herself and her son Peter consists of 14 acres, valued at £11 17s., and now judicially rented at £14 5s. The original rent was £9 12s., and this was raised to £12, £14, £16, and then to £24, and this rack-rent of £24—pray mark this too—she also paid for no less than *twenty years*. As soon as the crowbar men had made a

hole the deluge of boiling water which issued convinced them painfully that mischief was brewing ; and so in endeavouring to make a gap wide enough for the charge of the volunteer police and storming party, they pulled down the end of the house, and the thatched roof collapsed upon their heads. This was beaten down by blows of the crowbar, the Sheriff calling out the needful caution to the ruffian who was wielding it, "Keep a good hold of that bar." When the roof was scattered all over the place three young and pretty girls, only one of them out of her teens, were disclosed standing shoulder to shoulder, two armed with pails of water, and one with a kind of improvised salmon gaff made out of telegraph wire, bent and sharpened into a hook, and fixed to the end of a long pole. At the sight of their determined faces Colonel Turner stepped forward and exclaimed, "I'll take them all off to goal if the police are touched !" But he might as well have whistled for all the effect it had on the three girls, and for full five minutes they held the whole force at bay, one of the emergency men and two of the constables being placed *hors de combat* by the severest scaldings of the whole campaign, and led away "to rest," like Stonewall Jackson in his historic dream, "under the shade of the trees." A bailiff venturing too near the breach with his canvas shield, one of the girls made a desperate attempt to hook it with the gaff, and this was her undoing, for District-Inspector Jennings, who had been lying in wait round the corner, sprang up and grasped the hook in his hands, and in the scuffle which ensued the storming party effected an entrance, and the piercing screams of the girls, as the constables seized them by the throat told the excited spectators that another fight had been lost and won. The constables were like wild men by this time, and the sight of them dragging these young girls up to the gap and down the pile of stones outside was enough to make the blood boil in the veins of a barrister. Three of them clutched each girl, and pulled and pushed and dragged and hauled and swore, and at last all of them fell headlong in a struggling heap, till the coolest of the bystanders found himself yelling with indignation. The girls' names were Margaret Wall, aged 22 ; Margaret Brady, aged 16 ; and Leila Collins' aged 18, the last-named bleeding from a blow on the right

temple. They were sent at once under a strong guard to the police cars which had been standing by on the road, and there they spent the rest of the day, as laughing and happy a trio, when their first anger and tears were past, as you would wish to see.

Over the next two evictions I must pass rapidly. Pat Lyddy was the first, a wretchedly poor man, who has paid his rent for years and years out of money sent him from America by two brothers-in-law; and the second was Michael Hill, a fifty years' tenant of 14 acres, now judicially rented at £13 15s., but for which he paid a rack-rent of £22 during 14 years. Pat Lyddy's family flung a little water, but soon surrendered; while at Michael Hill's the scene at Peter Wall's, described above, was repeated, and, if possible, with greater courage and determination. "Come on," shouted one of the three girls who defended the cottage and their old mother, in response to the magistrate's warning, "I'll be the first at ye." Boiling water and stirabout came out in gallons, and when the police stormed the house a struggle ensued between the inmates and the police terrible to witness as to bear. At last they were dragged out like sacks, fighting every inch of the way, and the old woman was lifted out in her chair upon the shoulders of the emergency men. Their names were Margaret, Bridget, and Mary, and the last named, as well as the mother, had been scalded in the struggle. Dr. Raymond, the regimental surgeon, was therefore sent for, and followed by his ambulance man, approached Mary with the inquiry, "Are you scalded?" "Mind your own business," instantly retorted the suffering girl through her tears, and Dr. Raymond fell back with a shrug. After a while the names of the girls were taken, and they were released to be summoned.

This day's proceedings were marked by a most unpleasant and discreditable occurrence. Behind Mrs. Wall's house the ground rises for some distance, and just outside the cordon of police a hundred and fifty yards away there was the usual crowd of some two or three hundred people interspersing cries of encouragement to the fighting inmates with jeers at the constabulary. By and by the order was given to clear the field, and as the men advanced the crowd fell rapidly back without

the slightest show of resistance ; in fact they ran like sheep. and the constables twirled their batons more in fun than with any idea of using them, though doubtless some of them were smarting under the sharp tongues of the people. At any rate, District-Inspector Otter, a young Englishman, was keeping his men well in hand, and calling to them not to press upon the retreating crowd, when Captain Welch, the resident magistrate for the Western Division of the county of Clare, suddenly ran up the field, and commanded them to charge with their batons. Nothing loth, the police rushed at the crowd, and in one or two cases sharp encounters took place, and a number of people were struck by them. An old man was severely handled, and a young fellow named Michael Moloney was clubbed ferociously over the head. When I reached the spot he was lying upon the grass with his face, neck, and waistcoat covered with blood. Doctors Scanlan and Dunworth were sent for, and they probed the wound to discover whether the skull was injured by the blow. It proved, however, to be only a severe incised wound, a couple of inches long, penetrating to the bone, and when they had dressed it Moloney was able to go home. Mr. Davitt was among the crowd thus charged, and he strongly reproached Captain Welch with causing this bloodshed. The latter instead of denying the charge, fully admitted it, saying "It was perfectly legal, and was done by my orders." "I dare say you would like to have me bludgeoned too," added Mr. Davitt. "Certainly," was the reply, "if you deserved it."

The witnesses of this scene, which I have described in the mildest terms, were Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Bell, of Maryville, Kinvarra, and Rodbury, Gloucestershire, and Mr. Thos. Leach, a tenant farmer, of Kinvarra. The former said to me, "I have been all round the world, and I never saw such a cowardly assault in my life. The officer of constabulary acted like a gentleman, and restrained his men, and then that fellow ran up and ordered his men to baton the crowd." Mr. Leach corroborates all this, and Mrs. Bell told Captain Welch to his face that he was a "cowardly cur." Mr. Bell emphasised his indignation by contributing £5 on the spot to the Evicted Tenants' Fund.

## CHAPTER X.

### "WE'LL ALL GO A-HUNTING TO-DAY.

"WE'LL all go a-hunting to-day," though it would hardly have been heard on Sunday in any but a Catholic country, was a capital summary of this Sunday's proceedings (June 12), when it was sung at Father Murphy's crowded and hospitable dinner table. It might, perhaps, have formed a more appropriate chorus at the mess at Fortanne, for the soldiers and police have been the hunters, and we have been the hunted, but at any rate the day has been devoted to the pleasures of the chase. Early in the morning the news came that the meeting which Mr. Davitt had promised at Swords last Sunday to be held here to-day was proclaimed, and sure enough outside the police quarters and at the church door was the proclamation, in which "Edward of Saxe Weimar," "Ashbourne," "Redvers Buller," and "God Save the Queen," stood out in the biggest type available. This was expected, however, the preceding night, and a little group might have been seen in the dusk outside Father Kenny's house devising the way in which Irish wit should prove too much for British brute force. Up to the last nobody cared very much about the meeting, and certainly no preparations had been made, but when once it was forbidden by law everybody became wildly enthusiastic for it, and declared that in some way or other held it must and should be. Father Glynn showed himself the Von Moltke of the Nationalist party of Clare, and drew up a plan of campaign which events crowned with brilliant victory. News in Ireland spreads as rapidly and as impersonally as in the bazaars in India, and it did not need the one little word which was whispered by messengers at daybreak to tell everybody who might be trusted where the meeting would be held.

Tomgraney, Scariff, Feakle, and Bodyke lie on the circumference of a circle around which events moved in the following manner. Mr. Davitt and Mr. Cox, M.P., quietly left Tomgraney for Scariff, which lies in the opposite direction from Bodyke, at about ten, and attended mass there ; then, accompanied by two correspondents whom they met at a previously appointed spot half a mile away, they all got upon a car with a fast horse, and an hour's quick drive round a further part of the circle brought them to Feakle, where a great crowd met them.

After a little refreshment at Father McInerney's they mounted the wall of the chapel, and Mr. Davitt delivered a most effective and spirited speech of over an hour to 5,000 people. Mr. Cox and Father Kenny also spoke. In the meantime, Father Hannon, accompanied by another journalist for whom the police had conceived anything but an affectionate regard, and whom they followed when they could on the chance of getting a slap at him, drove conspicuously from Tomgraney to Bodyke, the other way round the circle. They soon met a gorgeous cavalry officer trotting along, and then a troop of the 21st Hussars, who only reached Limerick from Manchester three days before, and had come from there, nearly twenty miles, during the night. Immediately behind them came a large force of the Royal Irish Constabulary, both bodies hurrying away in the precise direction where the meeting was not to be found.

Bodyke itself was garrisoned like Metz. Red-coated sentries with fixed bayonets were posted all over the countryside, and every hedge had a constable or two behind it. Beyond the village, along the rising ground, stood Major Mayhew with his officers of the Welsh Fusiliers, and a more melancholy-looking man it would have been hard to find. What on earth were these two people coming this way for ? he plainly asked himself ; but they drove on to the top of a neighbouring hill, and in about half an hour the whole force of the Fusiliers, led by the melancholy Major, followed them to the top. Then the reverend gentleman and the Saxon journalist laughed, bade them a pleasant good morning, and drove back again.

In the meantime, Mr. Davitt and Mr. Cox, after addressing a second extemporised meeting by the way, had driven round



the rest of the circle, and the whole party met in Father Murphy's sacristy at Bodyke. Before they had been there five minutes, up dashed the troop of Hussars, who had got round to Feakle exactly half an hour after the meeting was over, their horses covered with foam, and disgust and anger plainly written on their faces. The party then being once more refreshed came from the sacristy, and all of them but one came boldly out to the street, raising a triumphant cheer, while that one, which was Michael Davitt, leaped over the wall at the back, and made his way over hedges and walls four miles across country to Scariff, where he was met by Mr. Cox and all the correspondents, who had spent the interval in enjoying the hospitality of a certain excellent Mrs. Little and her daughter, and her famous "flavoured" milk—as teetotal a drink as the lemonade of Ballyhooly—and had seen all the forces, horse, foot, and dragoons, once more go a-hunting where no fox was.

The third meeting at Scariff was an intensely enthusiastic one, and the whole countryside at night was jumping for joy at the way in which the emissaries of Dublin Castle had been outwitted, and three meetings held where one was forbidden; in fact, the situation was summed up by a joke of Mr. Davitt as he was driving away from the first gathering at Feakle. Catching sight of a policeman in hiding twenty yards from the road, he hailed him with, "I say, my man," and when the black-coated and armed sentinel drew near, he added, blandly, "Have you seen anything of the British Government about here?"

## CHAPTER XI.

### BODYKE IN PARLIAMENT.

INDIGNATION in England rose rapidly as the facts set forth in the foregoing pages were told day by day, and no sooner did Parliament reassemble after the Whitsuntide holidays than questions and challenges rained down upon Ministers.

On June 13, Mr. Conybeare asked the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland whether his attention had been called to the descriptions in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of the evictions at Bodyke, and in particular to the statement that one of the bailiffs more than once threw his crowbar through an opening made in the walls of the houses, regardless of the fact that there were women and children inside.

Colonel King-Harman's reply was peculiar : "There was no such occurrence," he said, "as a bailiff throwing a crowbar through an opening in the walls. A crowbar on one occasion slipped from a bailiff's hand and entered the house through an aperture in the wall." The roars of laughter with which this ridiculous answer was received were almost sufficient to dispose of it.

Mr. Conybeare subsequently asked the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland whether he had inquired into the facts described in the following paragraph from *The Pall Mall Gazette* of the 9th inst. :—"Pat Wall's mother, of 80, was bludgeoned in her house as she sat in her chair, by a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who formed one of the volunteer storming party, and she has at this moment the marks of his baton in the nature of a bad black eye ;" whether the above statements were accurate, and, if so, whether he would take immediate steps to punish the conduct of the constable in question and to prevent similar occurrences in future.

Colonel King-Harman replied : "With reference to the first question I have to say that there is no truth whatever in the allegation that Mrs. Wall was bludgeoned by a policeman."

In reply to this I have to say that I cross-examined the old lady and her daughter in the road opposite Pat Wall's house for five minutes ; that her black eye was visible fifty feet away, that the whole crowd passed by her in procession, cursing the coward who struck her ; and that she sat wailing in the road within six feet of Mr. Davitt and Mr. Kenny, M.P., as they subsequently addressed the people concerning her. I also took a photograph of her wounded face. And, finally, here are two affidavits which prove that Colonel King-Harman's authority for his flat denial in Parliament of my statements was some person who lied. Mrs. Wall was too old and feeble to go before a magistrate, but her daughter, who witnessed the bludgeoning, would have made oath to it also except that there was a summons out against her for illegally retaking possession of her imprisoned brother's house and she was hiding from the Sheriff, and therefore I could not press her to come into the lion's mouth. Here is the first document, the original of which I shall be glad to show to anybody :—

"I, Jeremiah Joseph Dunworth, medical officer of the Feakle Dispensary, do hereby declare and make oath that I was present at the eviction of Pat Wall on Wednesday, the 8th day of June, 1887, and that I saw Mrs. Wall brought out of her son's house by constables, and that she was suffering from two contusions, one above and the other below the left eye, which were rapidly turning black. It is within my knowledge that the only persons in the house were Pat Wall, Mrs. Wall, her daughter, and the police. And I further declare that these contusions did not exist an hour before the eviction, as I had then occasion to visit Mrs. Wall, she being an old and decrepit person. The bruises are plainly visible this day, being one week after they were caused.—Signed June 15, 1887.

"JEREMIAH JOSEPH DUNWORTH, M.D.

"Witness, P. J. QUINN, C.C."

And here is the second :—

"I, Bridget Wall, aged about eighty years, of Knockbrack, do hereby declare and swear that I was struck by a constable upon the eye as I was standing quite still in my son Pat's house during the eviction on Wednesday, June 8, 1887.—Signed this day, June 15, 1887.

"BRIDGET WALL (× her mark),

"Witness, DAVID SHEEHY."

All of which is submitted to the best attention of that gallant Tory administrator and ex-Home Ruler, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland, Colonel King-Harman, and the policeman here who furnished him with the official falsehoods.

With regard to Captain Welch, Mr. Pickersgill asked Mr. Balfour whether it was true that on Saturday the constabulary, by order of Captain Welch, charged a retreating crowd with their batons, and struck a number of persons, some very severely.

Colonel King-Harman replied :—" Captain Welch telegraphed that on the occasion referred to he, by direction of Colonel Turner, dispersed a disorderly mob, who were there in defiance of the proclamation. One of the crowd who resisted and struck at a constable was batoned on the head. The police were well in control of their officers at the time, and acted with moderation."

I can only repeat that there are at least five eye-witnesses who are prepared to swear that the above answer is false—Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Bell, Mr. Leach, Mr. Davitt, and Father Hannon.

Mr. Dillon next asked the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland whether the Government would consent to the appointment of a special committee to inquire into the evictions at Bodyke and the charges made against the police in connection with the said evictions.

Colonel King-Harman replied : " The Government are not aware of any circumstances connected with the recent proceedings at Bodyke which would justify the appointment of a committee of the kind suggested."

With regard to the general charge of brutality against a large number of the police, besides those witnesses just mentioned, if there had been an official inquiry many persons would have willingly sworn to the truth of the charges—Mr. Cox, M.P., Mr. Sheehy, M.P., Mr. Kenny, M.P.; Fathers Murphy, Hannon, Glynn, Kenny, Quinn, and Hogan; Mr. Hopkins, of *The Freeman's Journal*, Mr. Higginbottom, of the Press Association, several other correspondents, and

myself. The Government were well advised not to grant the inquiry ; we should have proved our charges up to the hilt.

The greater part of the evening was then taken up by a debate on Mr. Dillon's motion to adjourn the House. In reply to Mr. Balfour's characteristic sneer about "imagination in a prosaic age," I will merely quote the following words from the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* :—

"Our correspondent spent a fortnight on the spot, in close contact with the contending forces. He wrote his account day by day, almost under the eye of the magistrates on the one hand and of the priests on the other. His statements were clear, detailed, and precise ; they were published within twenty-four hours of the facts described, and therefore capable of instant refutation if they were false, exaggerated, or mistaken. Not only has there been no such refutation, but his statements have been supported, as Mr. Dillon said, by the universal concurrence of testimony afforded by a number of newspaper correspondents connected with newspapers of different politics, and also by members of Parliament who were present at the scene. To sneer at his statements as "mere newspaper reports" is a discreditable evasion, of which Mr. Balfour should not have been guilty. When some poor Celt has been skewered into his grave by a constable's bayonet, or some Irish girl is shot dead in the *mêlée*, then perhaps Mr. Balfour will deign to listen to the cry of anguish and despair that rises from the oppressed peasantry of Ireland."

No new facts came out in the debate, except that not a single person was found to defend Colonel O'Callaghan, and the total result was simply to show how helpless the Irish peasantry are, and how completely destitute of any tribunal in England to which they can appeal. This sense of the tenants' helplessness is perhaps the chief feeling left by all the experiences of Bodyke. They are as powerless as the rabbit in the coils of the rattle-snake. The law is all against them ; it has been framed and is administered by their enemies ; they are far away from the channels of publicity, which act as such powerful deterrents ; the officialism under which they struggle is equally irresponsible and unscrupulous ; and if anybody tries to tell frankly and with perfect truth of things which have just occurred under his own eyes, and is able to place his story prominently before the attention of many people, all that happens is that a member of the Government rises calmly in his place in Parliament, and neither knowing nor caring a straw, strokes his abundant waistcoat and disposes of it irrevocably by the remark that it is "highly coloured," "generally

inaccurate," and probably in parts "wholly untrue." The only consolation for all this is found in the reflection, which one cannot always and wholly suppress, that unless a change comes over the administration of Ireland, the inexorable law which arranges that "Sorrow tracketh wrong as echo follows song," will exact some day a fearful reckoning.

I have done with Colonel O'Callaghan now. Every honest Englishman, one would think, can only speak his name in future with feelings of shame and remorse. I cannot bid good-bye to the Bodyke peasantry, however, without a word of a different kind. Brave, patient, generous, bearing their bitter lot with a smile and a jest, forgiving even to the very last, resentful and desperate only when utter despair crowned their lifelong wrongs, they taught a lesson and set an example to all of us who were with them during those terrible days which will not soon be effaced, and I for one shall always hold them in affectionate remembrance.

## CHAPTER XII.

### TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE story of Bodyke is now told, and this chapter in the history of Irish landlordism is closed. O'Callaghan's Jubilee crusade is a thing of the past, and the 200 Royal Irish Constabulary, the company of the Welsh Fusiliers, and the fourteen rowdies with their revolvers and crowbars and shields, have filed slowly over the hill-top to Fortanne, leaving behind them twenty-nine desolated houses, and a mass of angry passion and thirst for revenge, which will tell its ghastly tale in the green valley for years and years to come.

Looking back, now, upon this fortnight's work, what is the total result? Twenty-eight families robbed of the work of their hands and turned out homeless without a shadow of compensation; young men and young women in prison almost by dozens; a dozen constables injured, some seriously; a dozen men bludgeoned, several very badly, and one dying; a total cost to the British taxpayer of, say, £5,000—a sum sufficient to pay all the rent demanded from the evicted tenants ten times over; outdoor relief necessary for the homeless families for a month at least, out of Colonel Callaghan's own pocket, at the rate of £15 a week; the same process to be still gone through for the rest of the fifty-seven tenants who joined the Plan of Campaign; not a penny of rent collected, or to be collected from any of these; and finally, as I have already said, the sowing of a large and promising crop of those outrages and wrongs whose certain harvest is hatred and revenge. This is the debtor and creditor account; let each reader balance it for himself.

One question alone remains. Are you satisfied, reader, whoever you may be, at the continuance of a state of things under which all this is possible? If it is the law, as we are told, that

landlords should have supreme authority over their tenants, who is it that makes and unmakes laws but yourself, if you have a vote; and who shall justify a law which gives one man the power of life and death over hundreds of others? For "*an eviction*," as Mr. Gladstone has said with literal truth, "*is a sentence of death*."

I have tried to tell of the horrors and the injustice of the eviction of 175 people. But this only a tiny fraction of the awful list of men, women and children rendered homeless in Ireland under English law. Look at it :—

1849 .....	90,440	1868 .....	3,002
1850 .....	104,163	1869 .....	1,741
1851 .....	68,023	1870 .....	2,616
1852 .....	43,494	1871 .....	2,357
1853 .....	24,569	1872 .....	2,476
1854 .....	10,794	1873 .....	3,078
1855 .....	9,338	1874 .....	3,571
1856 .....	5,114	1875 .....	3,323
1857 .....	5,475	1876 .....	2,550
1858 .....	4,643	1877 .....	2,177
1859 .....	3,872	1878 .....	4,679
1860 .....	2,985	1879 .....	6,230
1861 .....	2,588	1880 .....	10,457
1862 .....	5,617	1881 .....	17,341
1863 .....	8,695	1882 .....	26,836
1864 .....	9,201	1883 .....	17,855
1865 .....	4,513	1884 .....	20,025
1866 .....	3,571	1885 .....	15,423
1867 .....	2,489	<b>TOTAL...</b>	<b>555,341</b>

Can an Englishman look at these figures without a shudder of shame? And can anything be too generous to make up to the Irish people the inconceivable burden of this wrong? Yet in this so-called year of our Lord 1887, and in the very month in which the Queen and all her Empire have celebrated with unprecedented splendour and state the progress and glory of



her fifty years, the Conservative Government has passed the cruelest Coercion Bill of all the eighty-seven with which Ireland has been oppressed, and have made it the law for ever and ever !

Is it strange that there are rebels among Irishmen ? Is it not stranger that there is a living Irishman who does not hate the very name and thought of England ? Put yourself in his place.

And finally, do you think, English working-men, that the enforcement of such "rights of property" as these does not concern you ? *If a great land crisis and land war should come in England, as it well may, would YOUR home and YOUR wife and YOUR children be safe where these are the "rights of property ?"* Ask yourself that. PROPERTY HAS NO RIGHT TO TAKE HUMAN LIFE.

There is before us all at this moment the last and noblest opportunity of wiping away wrong, of doing justice, of securing peace, of removing the obstacle that blocks the way of all our English reforms. It is no less the interest than the duty of us all to embrace it. Do not let it pass. It is called

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